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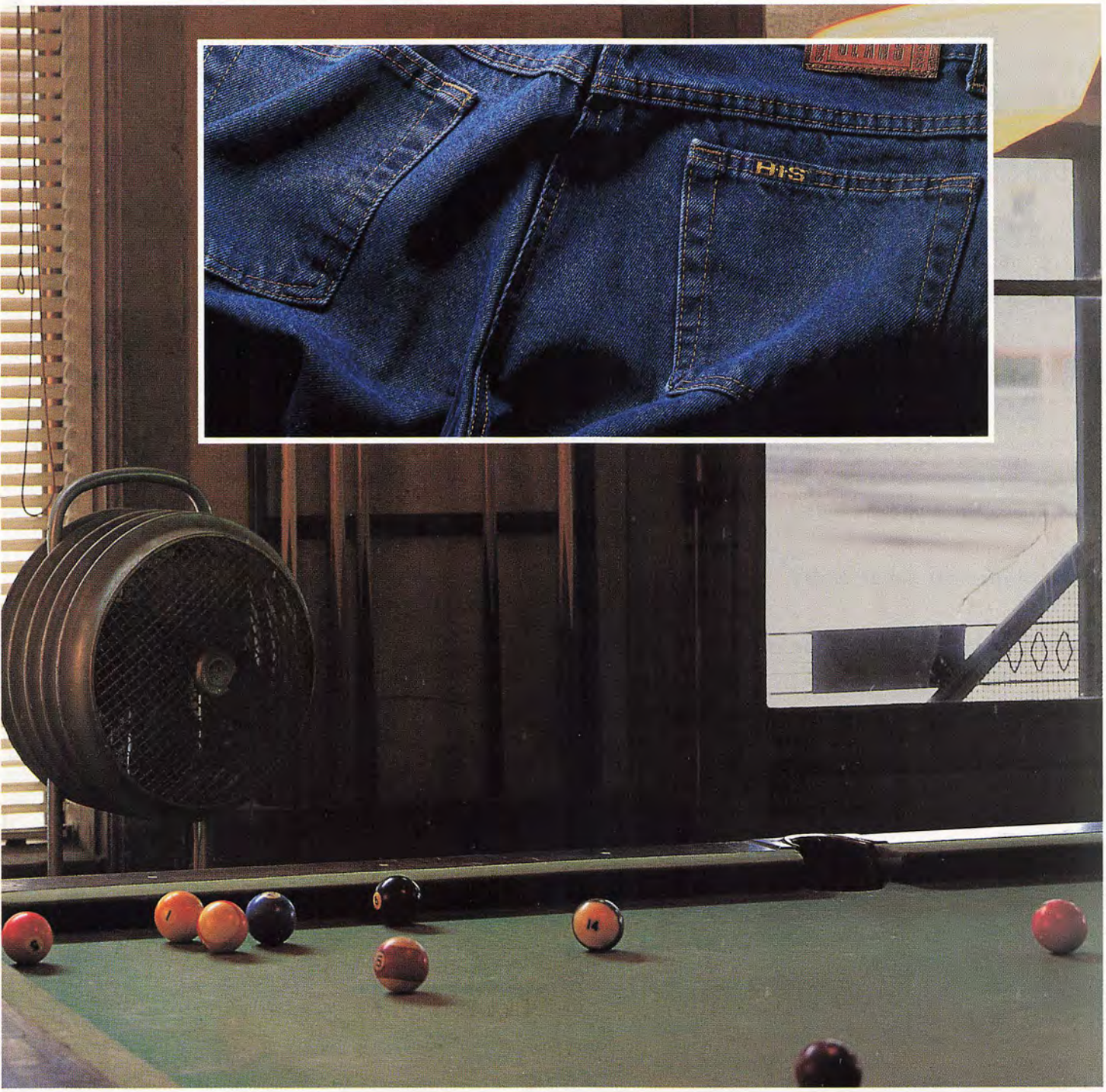

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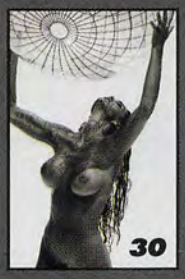

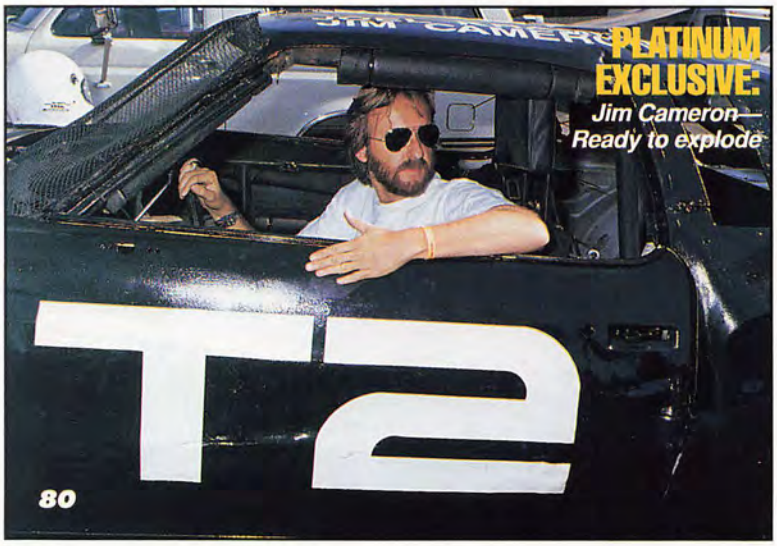

THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS SCULPTED BY ROBERT LEE MORRIS.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof). 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1993 Carillon Importers, LTD., Teaneck, N.J. ©1993 Robert Lee Morris.

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PLATINUM

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In 'Truth or Dare' Iain Blair attempts to delve inside the psyche of hot-shot Director James Cameron. This interview reflects the roller-coaster nature of Hollywood's fast track. Hailing originally from Scotland, Blair's work is syndicated all over Europe in numerous entertainment and consumer magazines including the likes of *You* magazine. This is his first outing for Platinum, and we hope to publish more of his work.

Maillard (left) now sports Armani goggles. Robert R. Mills, (right) portrait was taken close to his beach home of Santa Monica. Phil Wolvek (bottom) is pictured in the H.Q. of The Privacy Connection.

Jean Claude Maillard's pictorial retrospective reflects an impressive body of work. Most known for his work with commercial clients, Maillard's incisive sense of color and form adds an erotic & electric charge to much of his work. Maillard's duo-tones are highly prized by a number of rock-star collectors. We are pleased to present this portfolio in its entirety.

Frank Jacobi has written on everything from Rock and Rap to Thrash and Country. He is highly praised in the pop community for his incisive spin on obvious topics. In "The Man in Black is Back," Jacobi chews the fat with one of Country's most prolific and respected bad men.

Sean Bolger came into photography via an unusual route, formerly working as an international model. In this issue he has shot pictorial of Kristin Zang.

Robert R. Mills, or Bob to his friends, is an arch-exponent of dangerous sports. In his time he has sky-dived, bungee-jumped, and body surfed. In "Hang On," Bob went to San Francisco on the trail of the world champions of indoor rock climbing. Regularly, Bob is a contributor to *Hip-Hop Connection* in the U.K., *You* magazine, and *F.H.M.*

'He So Crazy' was culled by our Entertainment Editor James Count, while chatting to Martin Lawrence after the release of his stand-up movie. Count is renowned in the fields of cinema and music as a writer, chronicler, and essayist. We insist all our readers tune into his new show, soon to be broadcast on The Comedy Channel. Count's work is regularly published in the *L.A. Times*, *Boston Globe*, and *Chicago Sun Times*.

Trevor Miller would also like to extend his personal thanks to Phil Wolvek of The Privacy Connec-tion, whose advice and anecdotes were invaluable in the creation of "For Your Eyes Only."

At this juncture we would like to extend a welcome to Bruce Stockert, our Copy Editor, who is now also the Editor of our Hype section. After travelling extensively across the globe by ship, Mr. Stockert has landed, writing once again in safe harbor. ●

CREDITS: Cover, Sean Bolger; page 2 top-bottom, Sean Bolger, Jean Claude Maillard, Chris Carroll, Ron Lesser, Jeff Dunas, Ron Wolfson/LFI, Gregg De Guirre/LFI; page 4 clockwise, International Features, USA Network, Gregg De Guirre/LFI, Ilpo Musto/LFI-IM, Bob Peters; page 17 Bob Peters; page 18 left-right, Movie Still Archives, Randee St. Nicholas, NBC Photo; page 20 USA Network; page 22-23 International Features Agency; page 24 Mary Cross; pages 40-44 Onyx; pages 62-63 Tamara Reynolds/Sygma; page 64 Waring Abbott/LFI-WA; page 65 top-bottom Phil Loftus/LFI, Ron Wolfson/LFI; page 66 Botaish Group; page 68 top-bottom, Melinda Sue Gordon, Jim Bridges, Movie Still Archives; pages 69 & 70 Movie Still Archives; page 82 top-bottom, Bob Penn, Movie Still Archives; page 83 Movie Still Archives; page 84 top-bottom, Bob Penn, Zade Rosenthal; page 85 Movie Still Archives; page 96-97, Onyx; page 98 left-right, Joe Major/LFI, Kevin Mazur/LFI, Nick Elgar/LFI; page 99 Kevin Mazur/LFI; page 100 left-right, Nick Elgar/LFI, Kevin Mazur/LFI; page 101 Wayne Stambler/Onyx; page 102 left-right, Joe Major/LFI, Kevin Mazur/LFI; page 122 Andrew Unangst; page 124 Sean McLusky; page 126 Mel Lindstrom; page 128 top-bottom, Ilpo Musto/LFI, David Strick/Onyx.

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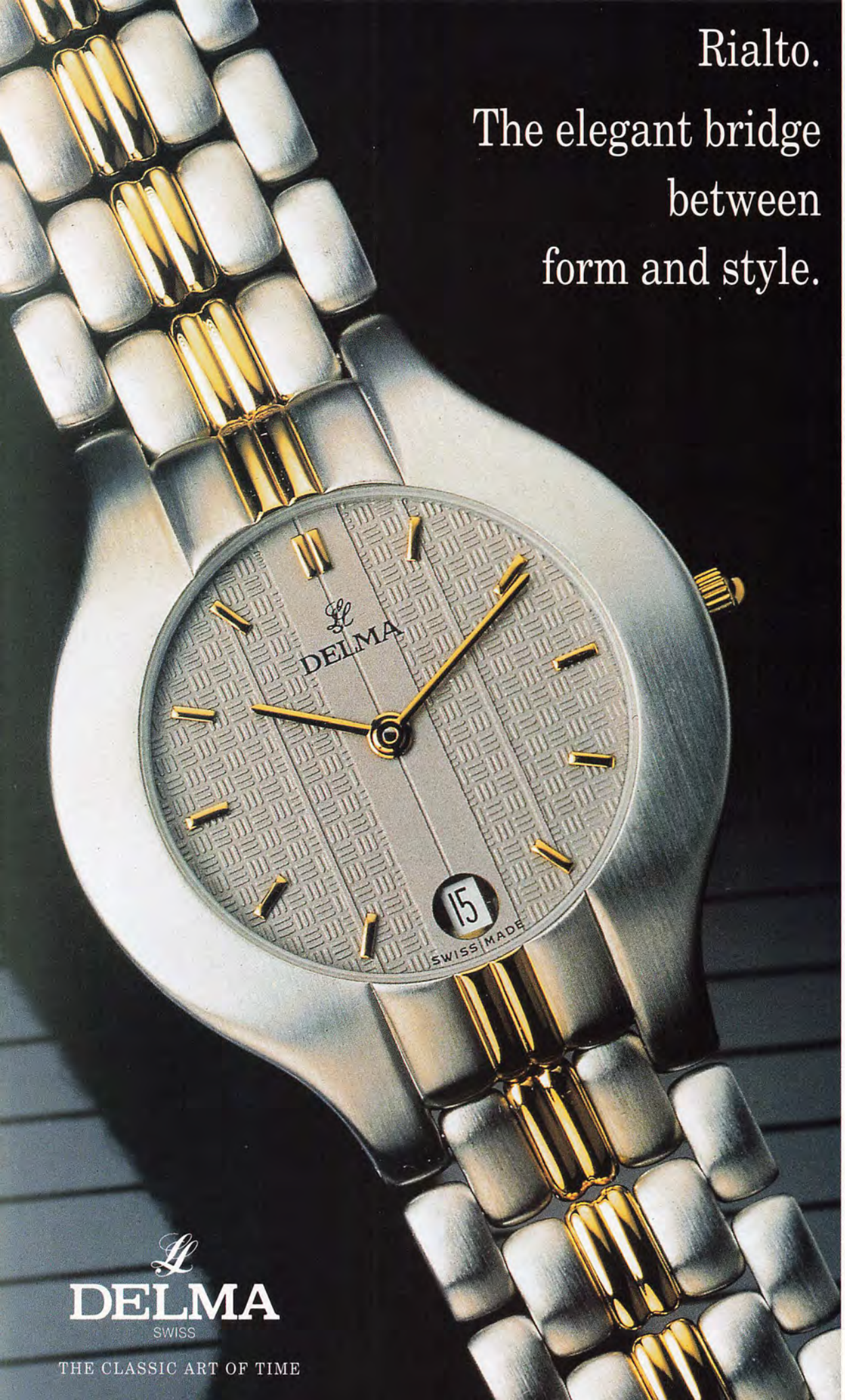

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CONNECTING PEOPLE

Nokia, the world's second largest cellular phone manufacturer, introduces the Nokia 2191. This is the first digital handheld Personal Communication Services (PCS) terminal for use in the United States. While PCS has much in common with cellular, it utilizes much greater bandwidth, enabling special features like data/fax compatibility, short message service, and voice mailbox divert. An inch thick, weighing only 8.3 ounces, the unit is operated through a removable Subscriber Identification Module (SIM), commonly known as a 'smart card', which contains all subscriber data, including account information, personal phone lists and security parameters.

IF A PICTURE PAINTS...?

The Sony CVP-M3 Color Video Printer turns any household camcorder into an instant memory machine, ready to turn those magic moments into hard copy at the tap of a button. The CVP-M3 is portable and can be hooked up to any NTSC source. At $1,200 the CVP-M3 is not the cheapest way to take snaps, but is one of the best value, high quality video-therm printer around.

WALKING ON AIR

Reebok's Instapump Fury is a running shoe for athletes seeking an aggressive, lightweight pair of footwear with superior stability and fit. The PUMP system's mechanism inflates around the foot, for unique custom support. The GraphLite arch bridge gives the Fury an added advantage, eliminating 35% of the midsoles weight while delivering the correct balance of flexibility and stiffness. Now available nationally at all Reebok dealers, the Fury retails for $124.99.

The Nokia 2191 sports a slip-in smart card (above). Who's a pretty boy then? It's the CVP-M3 (right). The Instapump Fury resembles real shoes rather than sneakers (below).

THINGS TO COME

The Pontiac Sunfire Speedster is a concept car with the retro-feel of GT motoring's golden age. Produced in only three months from a full clay model, this two seat, open air vehicle is closer to production than any other concept car Pontiac has ever produced - so close that many of its' exterior, interior and functional features will be part of the all new 1995 Pontiac Sunfire range that will go on sale later this year. The open interior spaciousness (inset), as one can see, has all interior components low, including the instrumentation panel, to create a more roomy feel. Check your local Pontiac concession for the Sunfire's arrival.

The breadbox style cabinet of the Bose Acoustic Wave is unique, but carried over with similar aesthetic to the Wave Radio. Both in regal ivory with gold trim (top and inset). The Sunfire Speedster is a concept car that owes more to classic Le Mans styling than Star Trek, and its sleek low-profile is carried through to the interior (below and inset).

WAVELENGTH

The new Bose Acoustic Wave II is in a category all its own, delivering AM & FM radio, CD player, amplification, equalization, and speakers all in one slick package - no bigger than the size of a breadbin. Bose Waveguide technology is unique enabling a powerful system with solid bass and crystal clear top end to come in a single 15 lb. package. Although Bose products are sold in thousands of stores the Acoustic Wave II is only available through Bose, shipped direct from their HQ in Framingham, MA. The system costs $997, and for further details, or your 14-day in-home trial call toll free 1-800-282-BOSE.

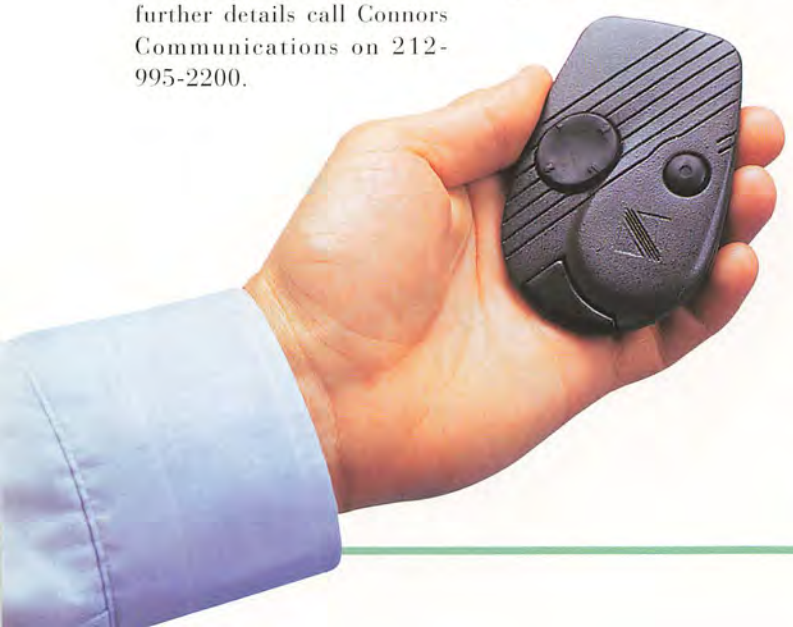
Based on the technical advance of the Acoustic Wave, the Bose Wave Radio (inset) is probably one of the most impressive clock radios on the market. Featuring Bose trademark rich, clear, colorful sound, the Wave features AM & FM stereo radio, dual alarm functions, 12 presets, mute, scan and automatic sleep features. Listeners can fall asleep to one station and wake to another. All functions can be regulated by a credit card sized remote control. The Wave Radio cost $349 and is also available by calling toll free 1-800-282-BOSE.

EYELINES

Nikon optics have been synonymous for capturing images over the last seven decades. So it comes as no surprise that they have released a range of high performance eyewear. Featuring a myriad of frame styles and lens variations, the collection features high contrast (red) lenses that help skiers find definition in the snow, photochromic lenses that allow the driver to see sunny road as well as dark dashboard simultaneously, as well as anti-glare lenses perfect for watersports or climbing. Nikon sunglasses are perfect for all leisure pursuits with also an eye toward fashion styles. Available at Sunglasses Hut and the spectacle departments of most large stores.

TAKE A LETTER

The Flashback is an exciting, innovative, yet extremely useful hand held digital recorder for a multitude of home or office uses. With its fumble-free, lightweight design, 30 or 60 minute digital recording capacity using Intel Flash technology, and a PCMCIA interface, this totally non-mechanical Flashback product may revolutionize personal recording. For further details call Connors Communications on 212-995-2200.



AIR WALKERS

The new Nike Air Wasatch is the first in a series of land based sandals. The full grain leather and neoprene upper looks sporty but is also built for comfort. The Wasatch retails for around $65 at any Nike dealer.

WATCH THE BIRDIE

The Apple Quick Take 100 is a chip off the old block - in short, a 24 bit digital color camera that is compatible with either Macs, Power Macs, or Windows PCs. And is perfect for business, education, and design. It has point and shoot simplicity, needs no film, and can deliver either 32 standard resolution or 8 high resolution shots at a time. Download these images onto your computer in a single step. The Quick Take is a reasonable $749, and available at most Apple retailers.

Like Raybans with a twist, Nikon shades are dark and mysterious (above). Nike Air Wasatch have a synthetic leather footbed which molds to the foot (top right). The QuickTake 100 is the polaroid of the future (above). Can I use your dictaphone? No, use the Norris Flashback like everyone else (left).

FLYING TIME

The Breitling Chronomat is the flagship instrument watch from one of the world's most respected manufacturers. Waterproof to 100m, and coming in either stainless steel or 18K gold cases, the high frequency movement now includes 25 jewels.

MORE BOUNCE THAN A BEETLE

It began in 1955 with the first Beetle soft-top, and continued through the years with the Karmann Ghia, and Rabbit Convertible. For the last forty years Volkswagen has offered the US motorist classic open air motoring, and now for '95 they unveil the new Cabrio. With contemporary Euro-styling the Cabrio updates the lasting charisma of previous VW Cabriolet models. The new Cabrio offers an impressive array of standard features, like a fixed roll-bar, five-speed gear box, and premium eight-speaker stereo. A joy to drive, the Cabrio offers a stylish package beginning with the reasonable price tag of $20,000.

The Breitling Chronomat features new dial designs in twenty versions (above). The Cabrio provides fast affordable chic (center). Menu driven, the Trailblazer is perfect for that weekend in the country (below left). The Steiner Mini-Scope is spy-stupendous (bottom right).

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Through state of the art circuitry the Magellan GPS Trailblazer receives signals from Global Positioning System satellites orbiting 12,000 miles above the earth. These satellites provide 24-hour-a-day coverage for both two-and three-dimensional positioning anywhere on earth. For further information and dealers contact Magellan Systems Corp. (909) 394-5000.

EAGLE EYE

Normally, high-grade concealable power scopes are only found in the world of espionage. But you don't need a trench coat or code to own the new 8x22 Mini-Scope from Steiner-Germany and Pioneer Research. Less than half the size of your wallet, it fits easily into a shirt or pants pocket.

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1993

letters

If you have any comments, suggestions, or questions, about Platinum Perspective, please send them to: Letters, Platinum Perspective, 6433 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Suite 154, Canoga Park, CA 91303.

Dear Platinum Perspective,

I was delighted with your June issue. Rarely, if ever, do I find a magazine which is enjoyable from beginning to end. Most magazines I sort of jump through, reading this and skipping that; mostly skipping. But, with Platinum, I just kept turning to find more interesting material to read, as well as innumerable feasts for the eyes, in your many wonderful pictorials. (I especially like the two black and white layouts.)

I've never written a letter to any magazine before, but I just felt you should know, you've done a great job, and I hope to see more of the same kind of 'freshness' in a men's magazine.

Keep up the good work!

Frederick H. Valdonovic
New York City, New York

Dear Editor,

Just a short note to say thanks for the wonderful photography. Platinum Perspective is a cut above, with tasteful photos, articles of interest, and none of that "cont'd on page 145" type stuff every third page.

I look forward to the future of Platinum Perspective.

Geoff Derscovitz
Omaha, Nebraska

Gentlemen,

Your magazine, Platinum Perspective, is striking if only for the portfolio of Peter B. Kaplan you featured. As an avid fan of aerial pursuits like base-jumping, I was surprised when I realized that the models had not been photo-montaged into the pictures, but instead were actually dangling perilously from the top of many a New York landmark. I wonder if you will be publishing other such material - like your late and lamented Risky Business column?

Robert Goodman III
North Hollywood, California

For more dangerous pictorial watch the skies, or pick up our forthcoming issue featuring lady skydivers.—Ed

To whom it may concern:

Your article on Shaquille O'Neal was marvelous. Please have more major athletes featured soon. It's intriguing to hear these guys' opinions on things, especially after just seeing them perform on their respective playing fields. It sorta makes them seem more real, you know what I mean? Not just a bunch of lunkheads who can swing a bat, catch a football, or slam dunk like Jordan, but real role models. The kids I coach at the YMCA hear a lot better if I tell them Shaquille said "stay out of trouble" than if I tell them the same thing.

Bill Thompkins
New Jersey

Hey, guys!

Why don't you cover more sports? The Shaq attack is great, but what about more off-beat action stuff like climbing, or hang gliding, even dirt biking?

Lee Johnsen
Minot, North Dakota

Watchout for our car racing special in the next issue!—Ed.

Gentlemen,

My husband picked up your magazine last week, and I flipped through it expecting something much more explicit. What I found instead, was a well put together magazine for a '90s kind of guy. Perhaps you should request the magazine retailers put your publication on the shelf with other men's magazines of equal caliber, not in with the smutty, T&A type mags.

I especially thought the article on Sean Connery was excellent. He just seems to get more fascinating and attractive all the time. I wish there were more men like him out there.

Meg Barnes
Sacramento, California

Platinum Perspective,

The world needs more musicians (more people, for that matter) with the integrity and balls of the Black Crowes! Great article, man!! Please enter my subscription now!

Jimmy McConnelly
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Platinum,

It's good to see a publication which strives to be mature and cultivated, rather than adult and slovenly. Don't lose your standards, they're what set you apart from the pack.

Henry K. Sjinskii
Oregon

To whom it may concern:

Us guys at the frat house have decided that Platinum Perspective is the magazine of the house. Every month now, we get three issues. One we cut up and put all our favorite pictures on the big wall in the living room, the other two are "file copies." You have a great magazine, dudes! Party on...

(no name given)
Boston, Massachusetts

From Julius Caesar to Lawrence of Arabia, history was shaped by the warrior's blade!

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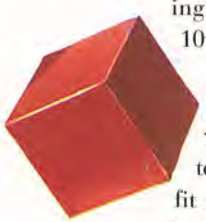
ALCHEMISTS OF THE FUTURE

Nanotechnology is the science of the tiny. And it might also change the future more radically than the advent of agriculture, industry and space flight put together. To Eric Drexler and Ralph Merkle, the future is small. Infinitesimal in fact.

The two Palo Alto based researchers envisage a vast army of millions of self replicating machines - universal assemblers in nano-speak - so tiny that they can manipulate and move individual atoms to synthesize new substances or entire finished products. And they could do so better, faster, cleaner and cheaper than any of today's manufacturing technology. Drexler and Merkle think that one day these minute machines will replace the factories and assembly lines of today, that they will make everything we could ever want or need. So how small would these gadgets be?

"Ooh, I don't know," says Drexler, a 39 year old MIT graduate in engineering and science and visiting Stanford scholar, "Maybe a 10th of a micron."

"Every time someone makes yogurt he's demonstrating that self-replicating molecular machines work,"



That is truly tiny. The proposed machine has a diameter which is one thirtieth of a bacterium. So small that you could fit around 60 million of the little implements in a single square inch.

But then it would have to be small to work. The theory of nanotechnology (nano means dwarf in Greek and a nanometer is a billionth of a meter) is all about atoms. All matter is made of them. And if we can find a way to manipulate and move atoms or molecules into any patterns and structures we want, we can synthesize, almost anything.

From there it is only a small leap of logic to see that such tiny machines capable of this, given the right structure and instructions, might be able to invade cancerous cells and repair the damaged and diseased, to restore polluted air to cleanliness, or clear up the common cold in a matter of hours. Farfetched? Yes. But no one has yet managed to scientifically prove that nanotechnology cannot happen.

Motivated primarily by the quest for smaller computer chips, practical research into manipulating atoms is under way at companies such as Hitachi, IBM and Xerox. Drexler and Merkle's office is situated in Xerox PARC, the photocopy giant's research centre in Palo Alto, just south of San Francisco, where Merkle, is the head of the company's Computational Nanotechnology Project. Over in Japan the Ministry of International Trade and Industry is investing upwards of $200 million in a Nanotechnology Center and other ventures such as the Aono Atomcraft Project. In Japan there are TV shows and magazines dedicated to this extraordinary vision of the future. In America, *Fortune* magazine has tipped nanotechnology as having "spectacular" long term potential.

K. Eric Drexler is Mr. Nanotechnology. A ferociously intelligent man with an unusual blend of imagination and logic, he has the slightly superior, occasionally sarcastic, manner of someone who believes in his work absolutely. He coined the term singlehandedly, has written three books including the nanotechnologist bible, 'Engines of Creation' in 1986 and founded the Foresight Institute to encourage research dollars to the subject.

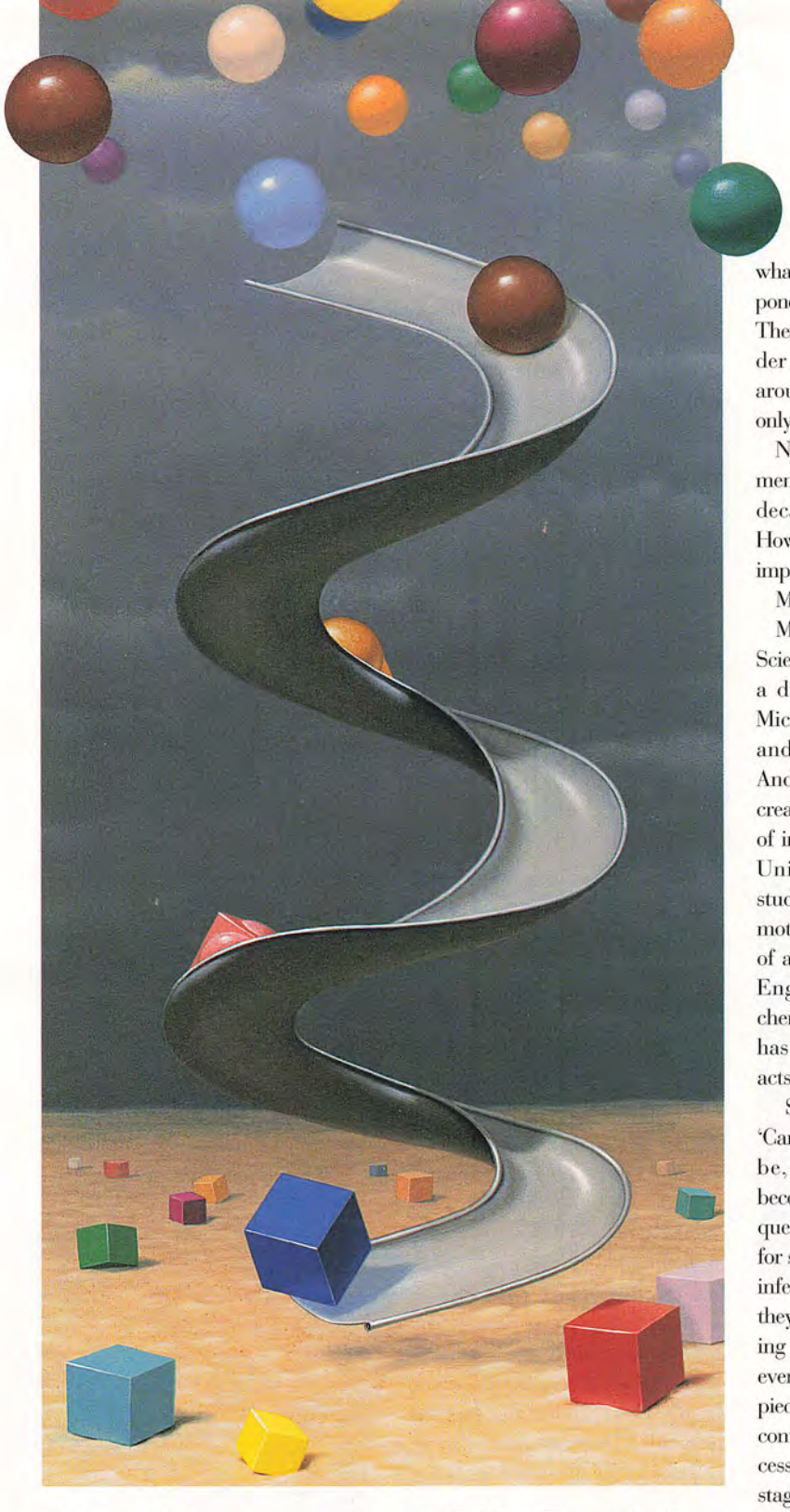
But the notion of atomic scale engineering has, in fact, been around for 35 years. In 1959, the Nobel prize winning physicist Richard Feynmann gave a lecture at the California Technology Institute entitled 'There's More Room At The Bottom.' It presented a scientifically feasible scenario of atomic-scale manipulation which included a discourse on how all of human knowledge could be effectively written on a pin head. Feynmann concluded, "The principles of physics, as far as I can see, do not speak against the possibility of maneuvering things atom by atom."

But if it is nature which supplies the models and inspiration for nanotechnology, it is the quest for ever faster, ever more powerful computers which provides the most immediate impetus for research. Bigger memory means smaller chips and making chips the way we do now, we will reach a point in the near future when it will be impossible to go any smaller. Unless, that is, we develop a new method of making chips with circuits made up of 'wires' just a few atoms wide.

Ultimately, Drexler envisages a computer the size of a virus being as powerful as today's PC's. One bit (of digital information) in one atom is the goal.

"People often say this sounds like science fiction and I say, do you mean like rockets to the moon, or robots or talking computers, or water-beds? They were all in science fiction first," says Drexler, shifting into his sarcastic mode.

However, some critics point out that the smallest machine we can currently make is 1000 times bigger than Drexler's universal assembler. Edward Wolf, former head of the National Nanofabrication Facility at Cornell, has warned that we have "no idea how to do 3D [molecular assembly]" and that "nanotechnology has been oversold." Philip Barth, a microdevice developer at Hewlett Packard, called Drexler "a flake" and others have criticized him for concentrating on popularizing his ideas rather than pub-



lishing academic papers.

Just because nanotechnology is scientifically feasible doesn't make it inevitable, point out the detractors. But Drexler prefers the alternative mantra - if it can be done it will be done - and both he and Merkle are bullish.

"The questions I get in talks today are 'Yes, I know this is going to happen, but when and how?'" says Merkle. "The question is over the time frame."

The two reckon that, by the early 21st century, "We will have some form of molecular manufacturing - *that* we can say." But they add, "It depends what you're trying to do."

At present the fantastic world of nanotechnology only exists inside Drexler and Merkle's high powered computer. There they have designed what might one day be the tiny components of their universal assembler. There is a hypothetical wheel, cylinder and universal joint (made of around 6000 atoms) - all existing only in the computer's memory.

Nanotechnology promises immense pay offs, but in the next few decades, not the next few years. However, piecemeal, but nonetheless impressive, progress is being made.

Man can already move atoms.

Mark Voelker at the Optical Science Center in Arizona has made a dual tip Scanning Tunnelling Microscope capable of identifying and moving one atom at a time. And a number of researchers have created nano-art - images made out of individual atoms. David Blair, a University of Utah biologist, is studying a bacteria which acts like a motor, spinning nature's equivalent of a drive shaft at 15,000 rpm. In England, Dr. Fraser Stoddart, a chemist at Birmingham University, has synthesized a molecule which acts like an electrical switch.

So if the answer to the question 'Can it happen?' is yes, as it seems to be, then the question 'When?' becomes all the more urgent. It is a question which no one can answer for sure. But Drexler and Merkle are infectious in their optimism. Man, they point out, has been manipulating atoms and molecules en masse ever since he carved an axe out of a piece of flint. But in the future the control will be more exact, the process more precise - and the results staggeringly more spectacular.

"Some people are assuming that the future will be the same as it is today," says Eric. "But," he chuckles under his breath, "it seems that there are going to be some changes... Today almost everyone who has looked at this agrees that, in principle, we can do it, and we can even see a way of beginning to develop the capability. So let's take that seriously and get on with it." ●

WINTER WONDERLAND

SPEECHLESS-MGM

Michael Keaton may no longer be the Caped Crusader, but he's not exactly clamming up despite the title of this sexy and romantic comedy about the fireworks unleashed when two complete opposites try to fight the laws of attraction. Keaton stars as political speech writer Kevin Vallick who meets Julia Mann (Geena Davis) over the last box of Nytol in a 24-hour convenience store. Davis also plays a speech writer. But both remain unaware that they share the same profession - and worse, that they work for opposing candidates. Naturally, when they discover the truth, their budding romance goes out the window as their relationship escalates instead into a war of one-upsmanship. Who wins? Our lips are sealed.

Geena Davis & Michael Keaton do the presidential trip in an off-beat romantic comedy, while Jodie Foster (top) moans and groans her own language, and Baldwin is back as a bayou cop under the direction of ex-documentarian Phil Joanou.

NELL-Fox

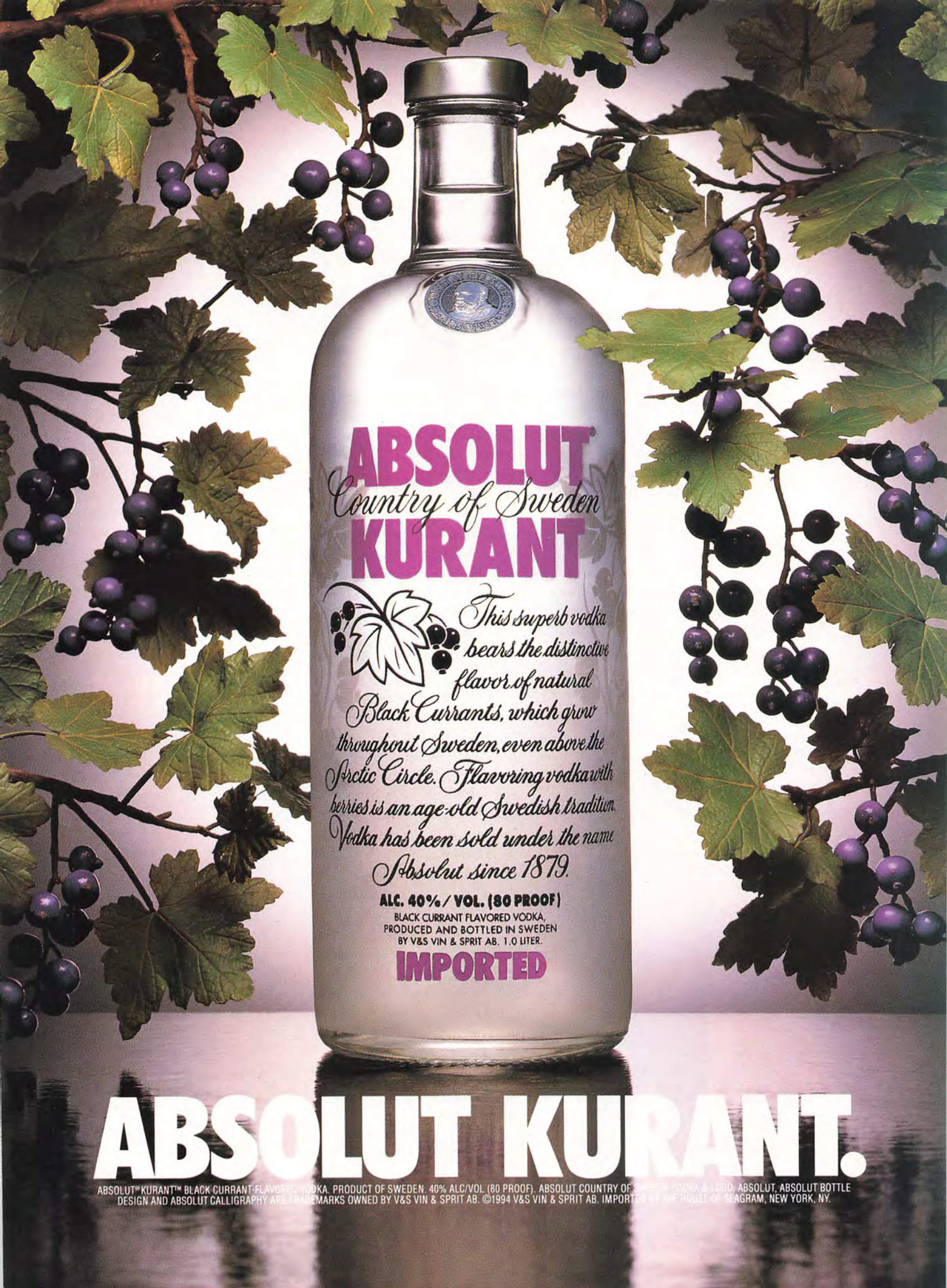
Leaving the wild west far behind, Jodie Foster returns in her second film of the year as the eponymous hero of this poignant drama, a young woman found living in a remote cabin in the woods speaking a strange, impenetrable language. It turns out that Nell was raised by a reclusive mother whose speech patterns were damaged by a series of strokes, and so Nell was forced to invent her own language, dubbed 'Nellish.' Directed by Michael Apted, the film also stars Liam Neeson as a doctor and real-life wife Natasha Richardson as a psychologist whose lives are transformed as they decide whether to introduce Nell into modern society.

DROP ZONE-Paramount

When he isn't leading cops on wild 120 mph chases in real life, Wesley Snipes is busy making action movies, and after his flamboyant turns in *Sugar Hill* and opposite Stallone in *Demolition Man*, he's back in *Drop Zone*. But there's a twist - this time, Snipes plays the good guy, U. S. Marshall Pete Nessip, who's escorting a convicted computer hacker to federal prison. When a prison break staged as a terrorist attack claims the life of his brother and gets him suspended, Nessip seeks revenge, entering the daredevil world of exhibition skydiving as he goes after villain Ty Moncrief (played by Gary Busey). Shot on location in the swamps and skies of Florida, *Drop Zone* looks likely to do for parachutes what *Speed* did for city buses.

HEAVEN'S PRISONERS-Savoy

After his stylish turn in *The Shadow*, Alec Baldwin is back, this time playing a New Orleans homicide detective in this erotically charged action-thriller directed by Phil Joanou (who coincidentally directed Mrs. Baldwin in *Final Analysis*). In an effort to clean up his act and his life, Baldwin's character decides to leave behind the crime-ridden mean streets of the Big Easy and a booze-sodden lifestyle for a more tranquil existence on the Louisiana bayou with his beautiful young wife (played by Kelly Lynch). But we know that sort of thing can't last very long, and sure enough, a mysterious plane crash soon draws him back into a world of danger and past temptations. Teri Hatcher co-stars as a manipulative seductress and Mary Stuart Masterson plays a stripper. Sounds like fun. ●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television

DUCKIN' AND DIVING

Tired of being politically correct? Then give your conscience and good taste a rest and tune into 'Duckman,' the inspired and biting new adult animated TV series currently airing on the USA Network. Based on the underground comic strip of the same name by famed illustrator Everett Peck, and featuring an all-star cast, 'Duckman' has rapidly become one of the hottest and hippest shows on TV today.

Forget cute, fluffy all-American quackers like Donald and Daffy - Duckman is part dick (private, that is), part family man, all jerk, and all too human. Here's Duckman on his looks: "Small?! My bill isn't small! I've seen plenty of guys with smaller bills than me! Not that, y'know, I look at other guys' bills." And here he is on being told that he degrades women and treats them as worthless sex objects for his debauched pleasure: "What's the bad part?"

As voiced by 'Seinfeld's' Jason Alexander, the ever irascible Duckman is a down-on-his-luck detective who reacts more like a particularly foul-mouthed Howard Stern than a cuddly toon to the daily torments that surround him.

And no wonder. A widower, Duckman is beset by his shrewish sister-in-law, Bernice (Nancy Travis), who would rather see him dead, while he struggles to raise two - make that three - kids: his dimwitted 15-year old, surfer-dude son Ajax (Dweezil Zappa), and two brainy 10-year old heads, Charles and Mambo, who happen to share the same body. All share a home with Duckman's perpetually flatulent, near-comatose grandmother.

Things aren't much better at the office. Assisted by his loyal Pig Friday, Cornfed, Duckman finds himself investigating one humiliating case after another, while his nemesis, King Chicken (Tim Curry), wreaks havoc, and his two politically correct and squeaky clean secretaries, Fluffy and Uranus, only irritate our hero to the point of losing it.

And Duckman is a hero. With his manic and splenetic character, he comes across as someone we should despise and dislike, but secretly cheer, a modern Everyman struggling to keep his beak above the rising waters.

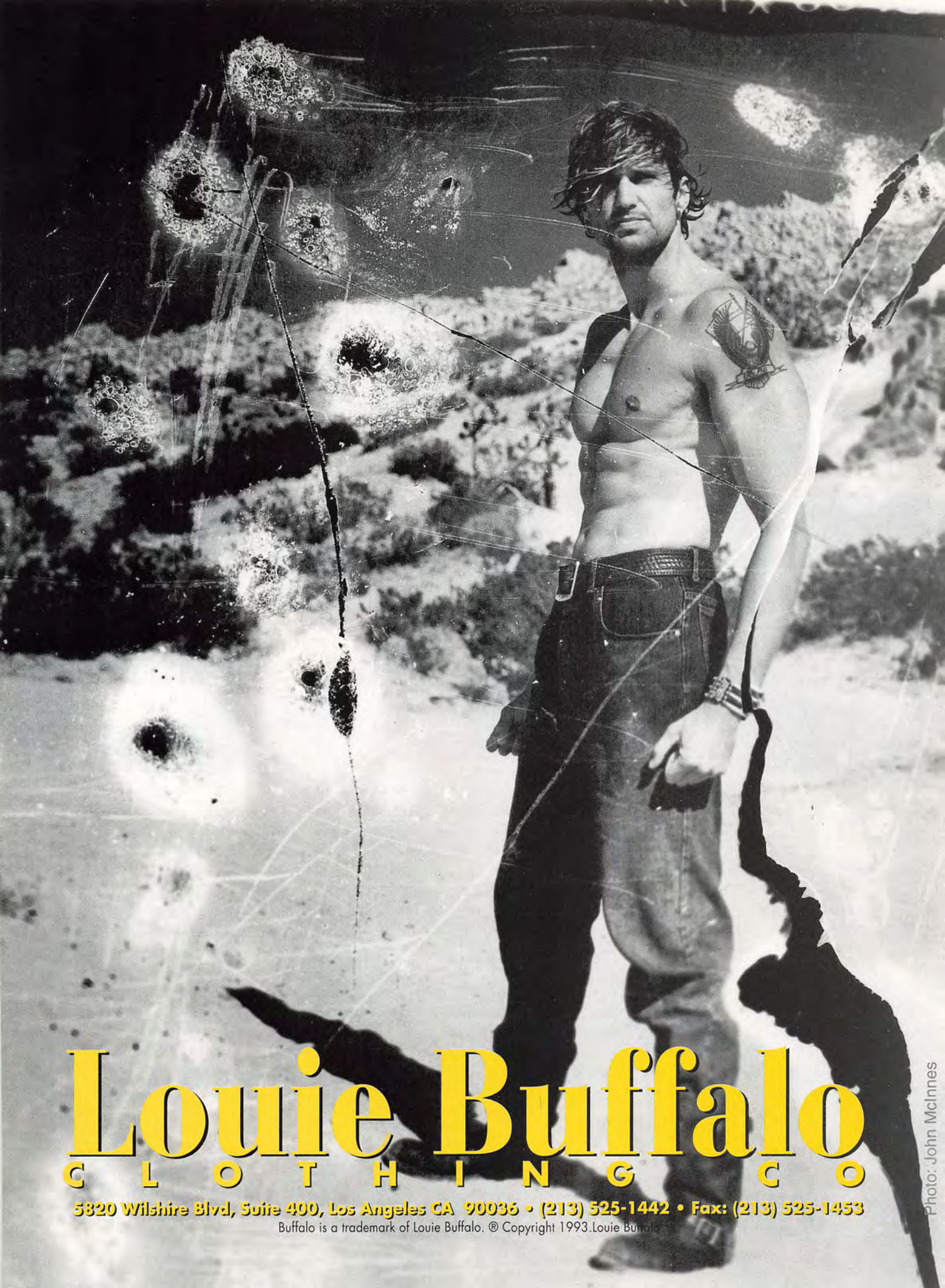
So far, the irreverent Duckman's targets have included everything from sexual harrassment to TV evangelists and phone sex, and plotlines lope along with loony logic that makes perfect sense.

In a recent show, wondering why he hasn't had a date since his wife died, our hero resorts to plastic surgery. When that fails to make him feel more attractive, especially to a pair of voluptuous

sex-starved twins who've hired him for a case, he immediately turns to hypnosis. In another, Duckman falls madly in love with a woman he meets over the phone, only to discover that she's the ugliest woman in the world.

If you haven't already discovered the world according to Duckman, don't despair. All the original episodes are currently being repeated (on Saturday nights), and a new series is due to start airing early next year. ●

Jason Alexandar (below) leans on his vociferous vocal creation. Nancy Travis & Dweezil Zappa (right) provide backing tracks, and the ugly cast of grotesque characters loiter with intent. (above)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XANADU REDUX

Water is a major attraction at the Lost City, the myriad of waterfalls and rockpools contrasting against the water-bound sporting activities available.

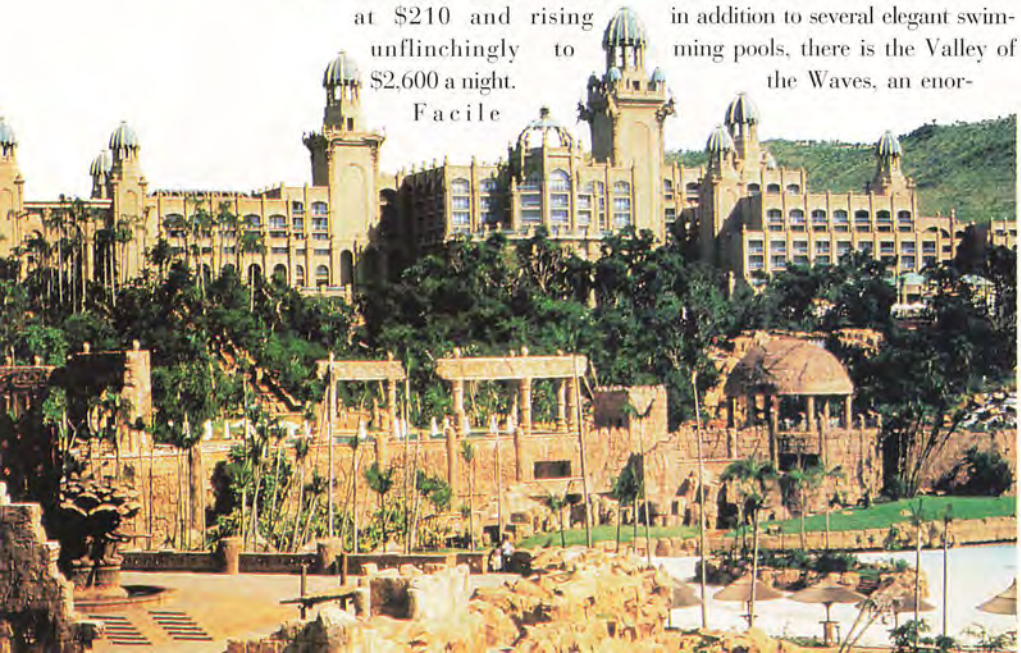
Part resort, part theme park, part botanical refuge and exotic bird sanctuary, the aptly named Palace of the Lost City at Sun City, in the Republic of Bophuthatswana, is opulent, extravagant, gargantuan, and luxurious beyond imagination. Built a year-and-a-half ago at the hang-the-expense cost of $175 million, the Palace is simply like no other hotel on earth.

While the Lost City is meant to be an ingenious stone-by-stone reconstruction of an ancient civilization, the prices are most definitely 20th century, with its 338 well-appointed rooms and elegant suites starting at $210 and rising unflinchingly to $2,600 a night.

Facile adjectives and glib descriptions can easily be dismissed as so much hyperbole; so portraying the place accurately does not come easy. Still, while guesting on a recent Jay Leno Show, supermodel Christie Brinkley announced she had just returned from a stay at the Palace (where she'd served as a judge at the 1994 Miss World Pageant, held in Sun City for the second year running). Asked to describe the incredible resort, she quipped, "It's like *Raiders of the Lost Ark* meets Disney gone Vegas on steroids." That's pretty close. But she might also have added that the Palace is surrounded by fifty-five lush acres of well-manicured rainforest whose 1,600,000 imported plants are watered by remote control; or that in addition to several elegant swimming pools, there is the Valley of the Waves, an enormous, land-locked sandy beach constantly being washed by machine-made, five-foot, surfable waves, and its accompanying three-story water slides. She could have mentioned the Palace's championship golf course and all thirty-eight of its live crocodiles which inhabit the water hazard just off the thirteenth tee; or she might even have gone on about the motorized, concrete volcano which spews non-allergenic smoke during an ersatz earthquake which erupts like clockwork, every quarter of an hour.

Okay, so, intimate, it's not. Still, with so much gargantuan grandeur, it's gratifying to report that where the Palace excels is in its many little touches, its impressive and extensive attention to architectural and furnishing details: the Italian rock crystal chandeliers; the marble floors from Italy; the hand-carved timber doors on each of its rooms; the fresh fruit and jungle flowers replaced in your room daily; the familiar comforts of having CNN, Sky News and a 24-hour movie channel on the TV in your room. You don't just get a mint chocolate placed on the edge of your down pillow each evening, you receive a white chocolate oval basket brimming with Godiva chocolates.

Water looms large at the Palace. It is, in fact, an integral, interactive and ever-present theme. While wandering about the enormous



property (a popular, always surprising activity) you cannot turn a corner without coming upon a gushing waterfall, a graceful cascade, a babbling brook, a tranquil reflecting pool or even (for you water-skiers and windsurfers) a giant man-made lake. The sound of rushing water is everywhere and constant, ever filling the rooms, the suites, the public halls of the premises, ever accompanying your meals and soothing your sleep.

Should you care to enjoy the adventure of a true African experience, the hotel's concierge will gladly hire a ranger to take you on safari, four-wheeling into the neighboring game reserve, where you can track the likes of white and black rhinos, elephants, leopards, giraffes, antelope, wildebeest, water buffalo and waterbuck, impala, baboons, ostriches, jackals, warthogs, turtles, giant frogs, plus a seemingly endless array of exotic bird life.

You can also welcome a spectacular South African dawn, cracking open a bottle of Champagne while silently and smoothly floating over the game reserve, above the trees, in a hot air baloon. The bird's eye view of the abundant wildlife just below is splendid.

Not unlike the eccentric doctor played by Richard Attenborough in Jurassic Park, Sol Kerzner, the hotel's proprietor, paid eight million rand (about three million dollars) to the government of South Africa so he could electronically fence in the 35,000-acre game reserve which abuts the Palace. Now that the animals can no longer get out, Kerzner was finally allowed to bring lions into his game park. By adding the kings of the jungle to the reserve complex, Kerzner now has the formidable attraction of offering, for the tracking pleasure of his guests, the Big Five: leopard, water buffalo, rhino, elephant and lion.

The Palace has several handsome bars and lounges, plus two elegant restaurants: the Crystal Court, where American chef Gaetano Ascione serves accomplished, up-to-the-minute California cuisine; and the Villa Del Palazzo, which specializes in regional Italian cooking (the grilled lobster with pesto is impressive).

The food is safe as well as delicious. The tap water, purified on the premises, is perfectly drinkable. The only thing that might taste better with your dinner, in fact, is a glass of one of the locally cultivated wines of which the South Africans are so proud.

As everyone knows, South Africa is currently going through a difficult and perilous period of transition. Mention you have travel plans to see Johannesburg or Capetown and friends will no doubt express concern for your safety. Fact of the matter is, Sun City, like most tourist areas of South Africa, exists in something of a vacuum, totally isolated from the violence and bloodshed. As you'd think twice before venturing up into the South Bronx when vacationing in Manhattan, or driving over to South Central if you visited Los Angeles, neither would you need to stop off at any of the volatile trouble stops should you visit South Africa.

As a trip to South Africa is so very far away, and can be relatively expensive, a vacation to that far corner of the globe could be best justified if you took up to two weeks to visit the area. That way, after five to seven days at the Palace, you could then take time touring the area's other glorious attractions; spending several days at MalaMala, widely known as the world's most exciting game reserve; plus another four or five days down at the Cape of Good Hope in beautiful Capetown, long considered the jewel of the continent, what with its fine food, sublime weather, both the Atlantic and Indian Oceans for your dipping pleasure, and of course its surrounding bucolic wine country. (Think San Francisco meets the South of France.) Lastly, you could round off your African experience by spending several days up at Victoria Falls, one of the world's great natural wonders, just over the border in neighboring Botswana. ●

—David Marlow

The Dessendorfer piano in the grand ballroom is one of the fifteen largest in the world, originally purchased for the use of Liberace.

books

TALES OF WILD OATES

Joyce Carol Oates, author of twenty-four novels, and many short stories, poems, essays and plays, currently lives in Princeton, New Jersey, and is on the Princeton University Faculty. She has won international acclaim, and awards too numerous to mention.

I discovered Oates' work in my early teens. Having grown up in a small Mid-Western town, Oates' portraits of the eccentric happenings in middle class America have always fascinated me. I tried hard to rebel against Midwestern values — and Oates' feminism, vaguely radical and yet sympathetic, stuck with me.

Joyce Carol Oates is in fine voice again with this release. What I Lived For illustrates the simultaneous re-birth and self-destruction of a small blue collar town.

A couple of years ago, leafing through *Newsweek*, I came across an article by her. It was around the time of the Mike Tyson/Desiree Washington "conflict," and I was struggling once again with my feminism. Like most women my age, particularly from middle America, I was raised with the unspoken feeling of men being the powerful, and women being the submissive. Emphasis was never placed on career, but rather on going to school to find a suitable husband and raise healthy children. Fighting that, and finding my own voice, was an uphill struggle. Therefore, when the Desiree Washington accusations against Mike Tyson emerged, my initial instinct was to doubt her statements. By the time I found Oates' article, 'Rage and the Boxing Ring,' I had formed my own understanding and empathetic leanings towards both parties over what had gone down. Oates' article simply articulated brilliantly the unformed words in which I had come to believe: "Whom to blame for this most recent of sports disgraces in America? The culture that flings young athletes like Tyson up out of obscurity, makes millionaires of them and watches them self-destruct?" As the old adage goes, victims usually victimize. Again, Oates was able to take a stand on feminism not without sympathy and understanding of the opposite sex.

Her new novel, *What I Lived For* (due out this fall from Dutton/William Abrahams), centers on a man in a blue collar town, which borders simultaneously on destruction and rebirth. Jerome Andrew "Corky" Cochran is a city councilman and real estate tycoon, an alcoholic charismatic womanizer who finds himself in the midst of an "emergency situation" with the police. A young black woman with city hall connections and involved with Corky's step-daughter, has committed suicide. In the chaos of Corky's life, he is haunted by the murder of his father at an early age, and his genuine sense of justice. Corky is an interesting character, so clearly formed by his environment that one wants to be able to shake him, understanding and yet frustrated with his absolute inability to see the obvious. Oates has woven a complex tale of a man's struggle for virtue amongst the virtueless, forever spiraling in on itself.

What I Lived For is classic Oates — well worth adding to the collection. I look forward to her next. Keep an eye out for her author's tour this fall. ●

—Sarah Reinhardt

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JAZZ IT UP!

Since the introduction of the compact disc (CD) format in the early 80's, jazz music from a bygone age has experienced a revival of sorts. Major record labels have opened their respective music vaults and have digitally remastered and repackaged countless recordings from jazz's golden era.

From the madness of Miles and Monk, to the sultry stylings of Carmen McRae and Clifford Brown, the jazzmasters are having a CD renaissance.

Miles Davis & Thelonius Monk
"Live at Newport 1958, 1963"
Columbia/Legacy

This two-disc set was culled from the 1958 and 1963 Newport Jazz Festivals. Disc one features The Miles Davis Sextet with Davis on trumpet; Julian "Cannonball" Adderly, alto saxophone; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Jimmy Cobb on drums. This performance, by one of the most celebrated groups in jazz history, covers Charlie Parker's "Ah-Leu-Cha" and Monk's signature tune, "Straight, No Chaser." Miles Davis, always the consummate perfectionist, leads the way with relaxed ease. All the tracks have a great "live" feel and have been digitally remastered to enhance the sound. Whether it's Miles' muted horn, or Jimmy Cobb's snapping snare beats, you feel a part of it all and don't lose anything in the mix. The last two tracks on disc one, "Bye Bye Blackbird" and "The Theme" feature the Miles Davis Quintet with all the same players as his sextet minus "Cannonball" Adderly.

Disc two introduces the Thelonius Monk Quartet, with Monk on piano, Butch Warren on bass, Frankie Dunlop on drums, and Charlie Rouse on tenor saxophone. All the tracks recorded during this live performance are Monk originals. Highlights are "Light Blue," "Blue Monk," and "Epistrophy." The latter two tracks feature Pee Wee Russell on the clarinet. The group plays well together, but it's the virtuoso performances by Monk and Charlie Rouse that really shine.

Carmen McRae *"Alive!"*
Columbia/Legacy

This performance was recorded entirely at the Village Gate in December, 1965. Recognized as one of the most important jazz vocalists of our time, Carmen

McRae was in top form the night this show was recorded. Although her primary vocal inspirations were Sarah Vaughn and Billie Holiday, McRae manages to forge her own unique style of music and still pay homage to the genre's great women. Backed up by a six-piece band which included a bongo player, this disc covers twenty-one arrangements. Bongo drums as a percussive instrument in jazz was a rare thing, but in this performance adds an Afro-Cuban influence on songs like "Sweetest Sounds." Ballads are where Carmen McRae's voice is most impressive. The sultry melancholy of her voice is beautiful on songs such as "Don't Explain," "The Shadow Of Your Smile," and "You Better Go Now."

Clifford Brown
"The Beginning And The End"
Columbia/Legacy

Clifford Brown may be one of the lesser known figures in jazz, but his impact on the jazz world, and specifically his work on the trumpet, warrants this reissue. Brown's recorded musical history only spans

four year's time, his life and work cut short by an automobile accident. "The Beginning And The End" captures Clifford Brown's first shows with Chris Powell and his Blue Flames. Recorded in 1952, during a time when little or no distinctive voice was appreciated in a band setting, Brown stands out among his peers on two tracks, "I Come From Jamaica," and "Ida Red." Both songs have a big band feel and are recorded rather rudimentarily. The last three tracks, recorded just before Brown died, are the highlights, with interpretations of Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" and Dizzy Gillespie's "A Night In Tunisia." Whether it's big band, ballad, or bebop, Clifford Brown excels. All in all, this is a superb disc that makes you want more from this premiere trumpeter. ●

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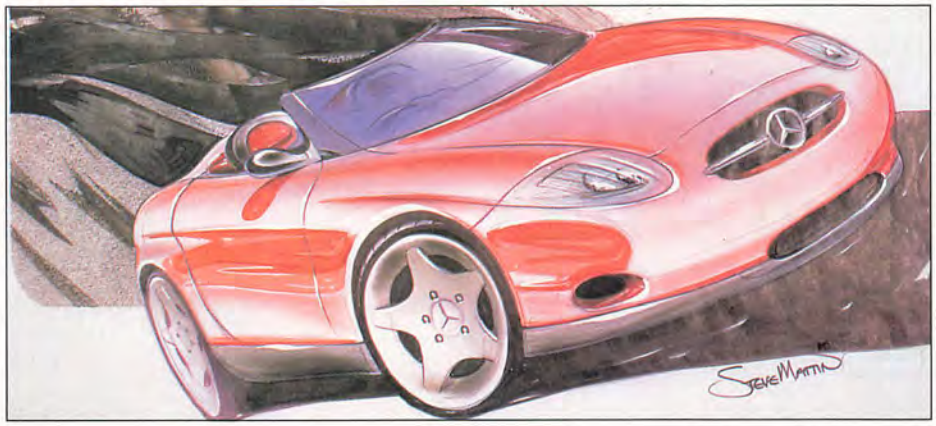
vehicles

SPORTLICH LEICHT KURZ

For forty years Mercedes has occupied the fast track of both sports and executive motoring, the sturdy body shells and spartan but stylish interiors capturing fans from both the ranks of rock stardom and high flying world of Wall Street. And the modern SL range is now a regular sight in many upscale neighborhoods. Still, the sparkling SLK unveiled this year at the Turin Motor Show owes as much to visions of the millennium as it does to the classic Mercedes sports coupe.

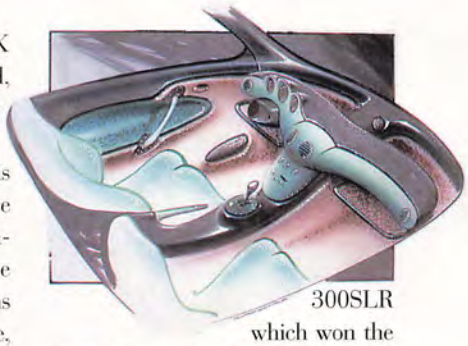


From sketches (above) to inception of prototype, the Mercedes-Benz SLK is very much a futuristic machine, closer to Buck Rogers than the freeway.

This silver two seater embodies the rich tradition of the raunchy SL merged with an insight into the likely shape of a Mercedes-Benz convertible of the future. SLK stands for 'sportlich' (sporty), 'leicht' (light), and 'kurz' (short). A production version of the SLK design study is being considered, which could be on the market by 1997.

The styling of the design study is based on the hallmark appearance of its big brother SL sports car, featuring unmistakable lines. The SLK's compact exterior dimensions emphasize the overall wedge shape, compounded by the short front and rear overhang. Behind the head restraints of the red leather interior are streamlined roll bars, which, along with a very sturdy windshield frame, provide the SLK with important safety protection as well as a unique interior feel.

Safety is a watchword with this concept vehicle, additional rollover strength coming from integrated headrest fairings on the rear deck - a tie to the famous Mercedes-Benz



300SLR which won the World Sports Car Championship in 1955. Two narrow 'power domes' on the hood of the SLK study pay further homage to the SL's from the '50's.

Inside, the SLK reveals large areas of shiny metal surfaces, with a high-tech cockpit dominated by bold shapes and special materials. Made from lightweight carbon fiber, faced with leather, the instrument panel gives the appearance of being suspended in mid-air. Classic instrument dials, framed in polished aluminum, blend with the radio which is also of a purist design.

All of the occupant restraint systems currently available for Mercedes-Benz cars, including driver and passenger airbags with emergency seat belt retractors, are incorporated into the SLK study.

Only in 1997 will the general public be able to see whether the SLK is Mercedes' perfect fusion between dream driving and automotive art. Of course, for a look at the car, close up and personal, this year visit the Mercedes-Benz display at larger vehicle shows. ●

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ROME, 110 AD

ERA OF SPARTAN
GREECE, 480 BC

ERA OF RAMESES II
EGYPT, 1250 BC

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JAPAN, 1650 AD

Shown smaller than actual size of approximately 8¼".

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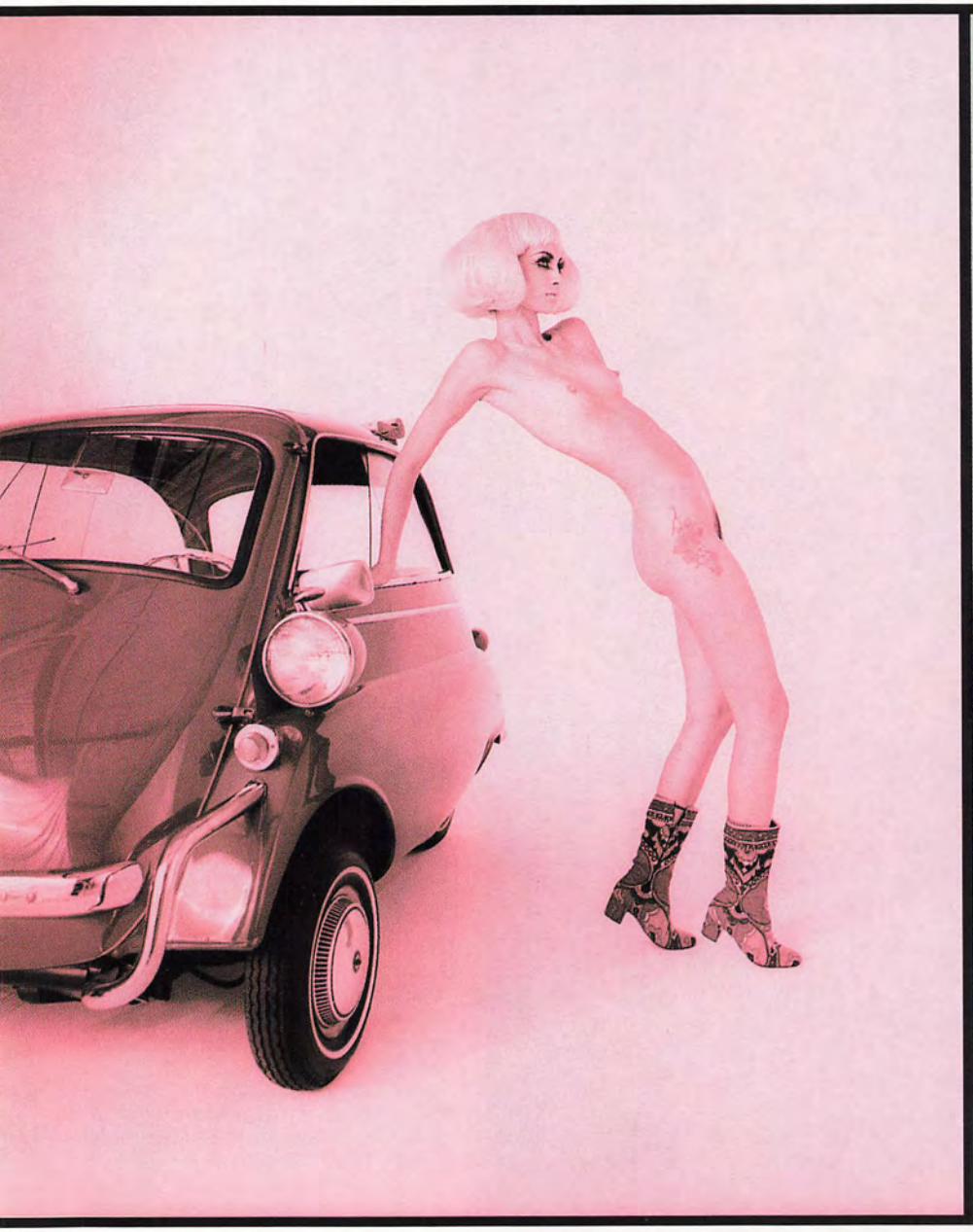
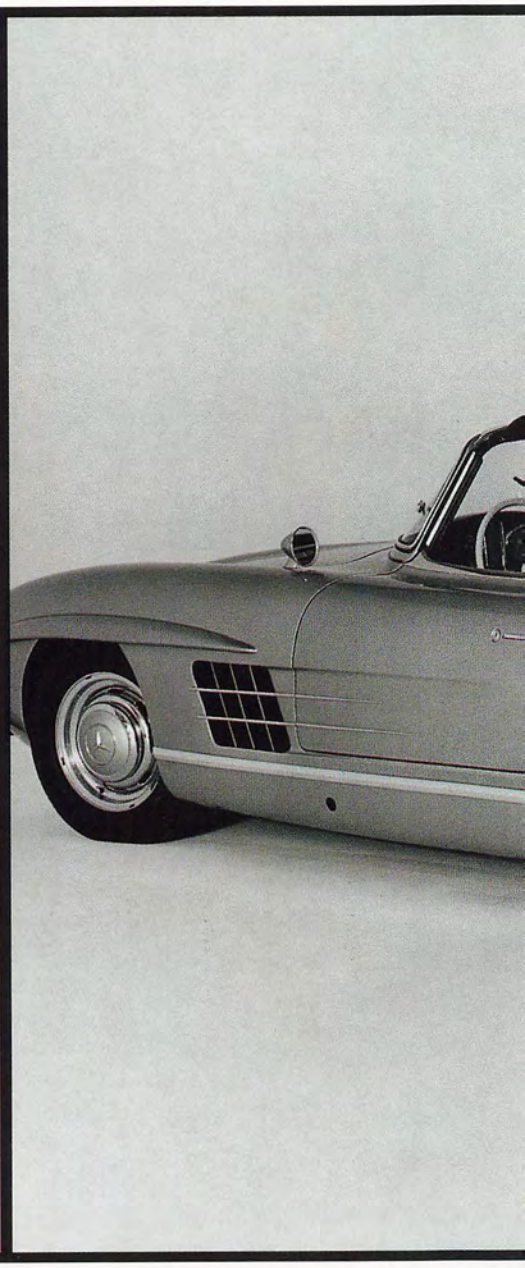
Jean Claude MAIL





Jean Claude Maillard's work spans the genres of figurative, nude, and art photography. In this retrospective we have attempted to stress his flair and

LARD

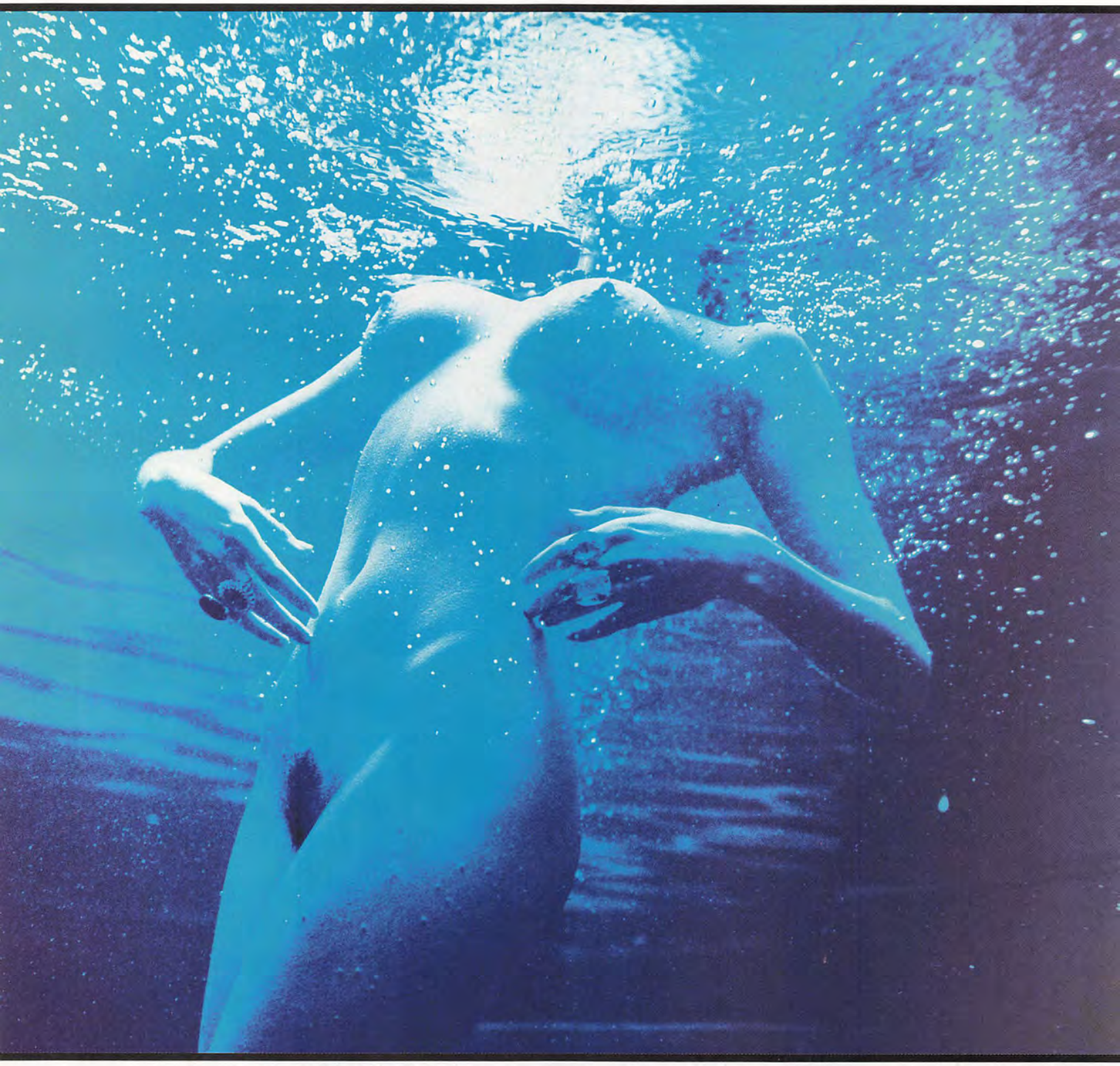
fluid qualities which give so many of his images a sensual yet graphic edge. Quite often posed, Maillard's photographs have an exactness of form, each line with a

barely minute deviation of the picture inside Maillard's mind. Such precision was gleaned by this image-maker while ensconced in the sharp realm of advertising. His

clients have included the likes of Revlon and Redken.

Still, what separates Maillard from his peers is the conceptual deviation he brings to many of his erotic

studies. Each model is treated with an artistic élan, some depicted in surroundings that resemble moments from the surrealist movement. Often present are eclectic scenarios



that distort time and space, other times purely sculptural forms that define sinew and flesh.

There is profound European influence in Maillard's

portfolio, and this can be attributed to the aesthetic tradition of his French-Swiss background. Apart from his obvious taste for the finer things in life, Maillard's fascination for vintage automobiles comes to the fore in the

opening pages of this portfolio. From the stylish Mercedes Sportster to the bizarre bubble car, Maillard teams these attractive mechanical lines with models each representing

a particular flavor of the motoring era concerned. With that fifties theme, a 'Breakfast at Tiffany's' bouffant, for the swinging sixties, a bob reminiscent of Biba, and for the

outrageous seventies, an afro straight out of 'Superfly.'

With Maillard, each series of images is given a unique treatment, transforming the models from fashion

stereotypes into a more subjective realization. This is where his commercial skill and dynamic vision of the art nude crystallize into prints that are worthy of gallery

presentation. In July of this year Maillard's work was shown in upstate New York, alongside that of Herb Ritts and many other celebrated figurative artists.

Shooting on numerous occasions for Platinum Perspective, Maillard is one of our valued assets. In this perspective we have attempted to show the diversity and excellence of

his work. Recently moving from Los Angeles to the artistic hub of New York City's Manhattan Island, Maillard is currently launching himself into a number of commercial

and artistic ventures on the east coast. We hope to see him again soon, and trust the metropolitan photographic community will be served well by his wit and ability. ●

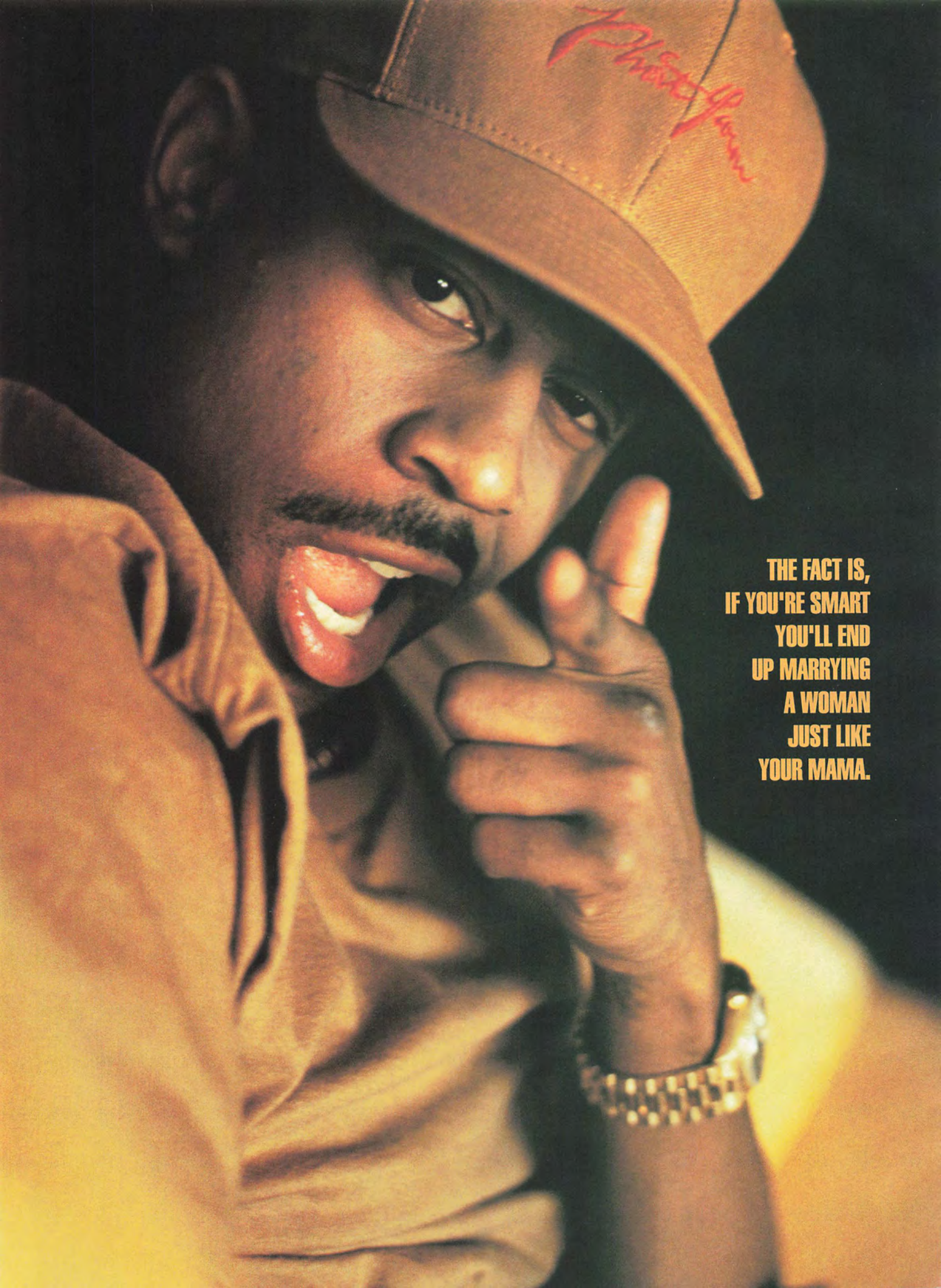
BY JAMES COUNT

THE SO CRAZY

FROM PRIMETIME TO POLITICALLY INCORRECT

MARTIN LAWRENCE REMAINS AHEAD OF THE GAME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS CARROLL


THE FACT IS,
IF YOU'RE SMART
YOU'LL END
UP MARRYING
A WOMAN
JUST LIKE
YOUR MAMA.

He's rude and he's crude, and right now he's the hottest comedic talent in America. Martin Lawrence is also the most controversial. Young, black, and very blue, the star of the hit Fox sitcom, 'Martin,' has already had two major run-ins with the establishment.

First, the powers-that-be at NBC banned Lawrence from their network and canceled a scheduled 'Tonight Show' appearance after the comedian's raucous act on 'Saturday Night Live' (in which he inspiredly suggested the use of Tic-Tac mints as feminine hygiene products).

Then his eagerly-awaited stand-up concert film, *You So Crazy*, ran into problems with the censors (Goldwyn finally released it unrated after the original distributor, Miramax, decided it was too hot too handle).

Now 28-year old Lawrence is having the last laugh. *You So Crazy* is a hit and he's just signed a movie deal with Fox.

Where do catch-phrases like 'You so crazy' and 'You go, girl!' come from?

I dunno. They just come out of the characters I play. And then it's up to the audience if they pick them up or not.

Is Sheneneh in 'Martin' based on anyone you know?

She's a mixture of various people. The funny thing is, no one at Fox really got her before. They just didn't understand her. But now they all love her.

How confining is the format of a TV show for you?

Let me put it this way: Martin may be a hit show, but I still have to fight to do it the way I want to do it. And I'm censored all the way. They only allow me two 'ass'es per show and one 'damn.' It's always 'You can't say this. Kids are watching this show.' That's why I can't wait to do more movies despite the problems we've had with this one and the ratings.

*The **You So Crazy** tour was a big leap from playing clubs to playing big venues like the Majestic, where the movie was shot.*

Yeah, it's like a dream come true for me because I still remember going to see Eddie Murphy play the Richmond Coliseum, and now I've played the same place, and 11,000 people in Houston.

You've had a lot of trouble with the ratings board over your explicit language. Do you feel there's a double standard at work in Hollywood?

Are you kidding? But it's always been like that. Check out a movie like *Basic Instinct*. They gave that an 'R' and it's got all that fucking and killing, and I get an 'NC-17' because of *language*? It doesn't make sense to me.

You've also taken some heat for your very graphic material, especially with regard to women and feminine hygiene. How do you plead?

Look, people who say I hate women and that I'm always putting them down have got it all wrong. I'm joking. It's my job to joke about shit like that. That's what I do. I'm a comedian, not a fucking politician. OK, so I've had people tell me that some women are upset about all that stuff, about the Tic-Tacs and about washing their ass. Well, if you wash your ass, what are you so offended about, huh? You don't have nothing to worry about.

*Someone on **You So Crazy** said you're in love with women and in awe of them.*

It's true. I love women, and my love and respect for all women is so strong because of my own mother and my sisters. They're real strong women. The fact is, if you're smart you'll end up marrying a woman just like your mama, and the reason I say that, is because a mother's love is totally unconditional.

*In **You So Crazy** you do a routine on how your parents divorced when you were just seven years old. How did that affect you?*

It was painful. They say most comedians have unhappy childhoods and perhaps it's true. It was tough on my moth-

Despite problems with the release of You So Crazy, Martin's screen future is assured through a TV popularity that has only been equalled by the likes of Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor.

my mother, raising six kids all by herself, I know that. We had food stamps, all that shit. And it was a tough neighborhood.

Were you a good kid?

I wasn't a *bad* kid. I was never in jail or anything like that, but I was a very hyper kid. The teachers at school didn't have any patience with me and they were always telling my mother I was dysfunctional, that there was something wrong with me. But I knew it was just because I wasn't interested in anything. The only thing that really interested me was studying people and the way they talked and moved.

Who were your idols and influences growing up?

Richard Pryor. He is without question the greatest. And of course Eddie Murphy and guys like Redd Foxx and Robin Williams and Robin Harris. All those people influenced me.

Is it true you got robbed at gunpoint once?

Yeah, it was when I first moved to New York and tried to make it in the stand-up clubs. I was working at a gas station and these guys suddenly pulled up and shoved a gun in my face and took all my money and my gold chain - and this was in broad daylight! Man, I couldn't believe it was happening to me. I went back home to Maryland real fast after that!

Was your mother supportive?

Always. She'd always laugh and say stuff like, 'Boy, leave me alone,' or, 'Boy, get out of my face.' But she never put me down and she never told me to stop doing what I was doing. She always encouraged me.

What was your first big break?

I got on 'Star Search.' I think this was around '87 or '88, and I thought, 'This is it, I've made it!' But then I lost and I was back home again, totally fucking depressed, thinking it was all over, and then I got this call from some people who'd seen my audition tape, and that's how I got on 'What's Happening Now!' So it just shows that you can never give up. You never know what's going to happen.

I hear you've bought a new house, you've got a personal trainer, a fan club. What do you tell people who say success has spoiled you?

I don't think it has. I *know* it hasn't. I've tried to keep good people around me, my family. One sister runs the fan club, another is my head honcho, and my trainer's someone I've known since I was a kid. So I don't let it go to my head. I made it only because I've never stopped believing in myself.

Where do you see your career going now? You've been quoted as saying you'll be the 'biggest comedian' ever.

I don't mean it to sound arrogant or whatever. It's just that I have to believe in myself and I do. I definitely want to make movies, and I've already had plenty of offers. But I'm in no big hurry. I could do stuff just for the money right now, but I won't. What I want to do is more concert films, because they're real. You can't fake those. ●

Since his early appearance in the House Party movies with Kid 'n' Play, Martin has had an obvious link with more musical comedy. Still, his hip-hop outing on East West was only marginally received.

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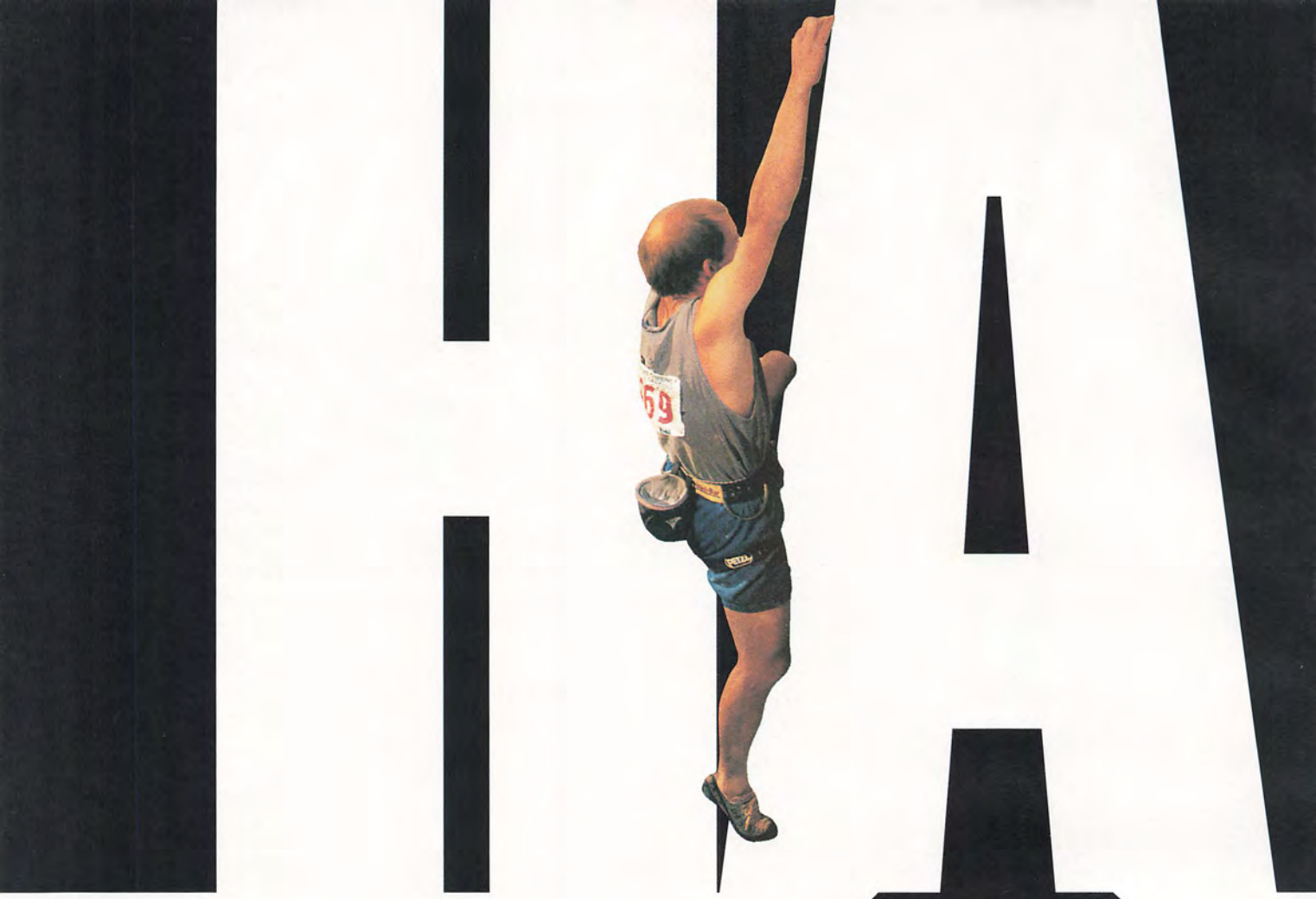


Every muscle in his heavily muscled torso is stretched to breaking point as he lunges for the last hold of a grueling climb - but all he hits is thin air. The crowd, breaking out in sympathetic sweat, is gripped with agonizing tension as he seems to hang in mid air for a

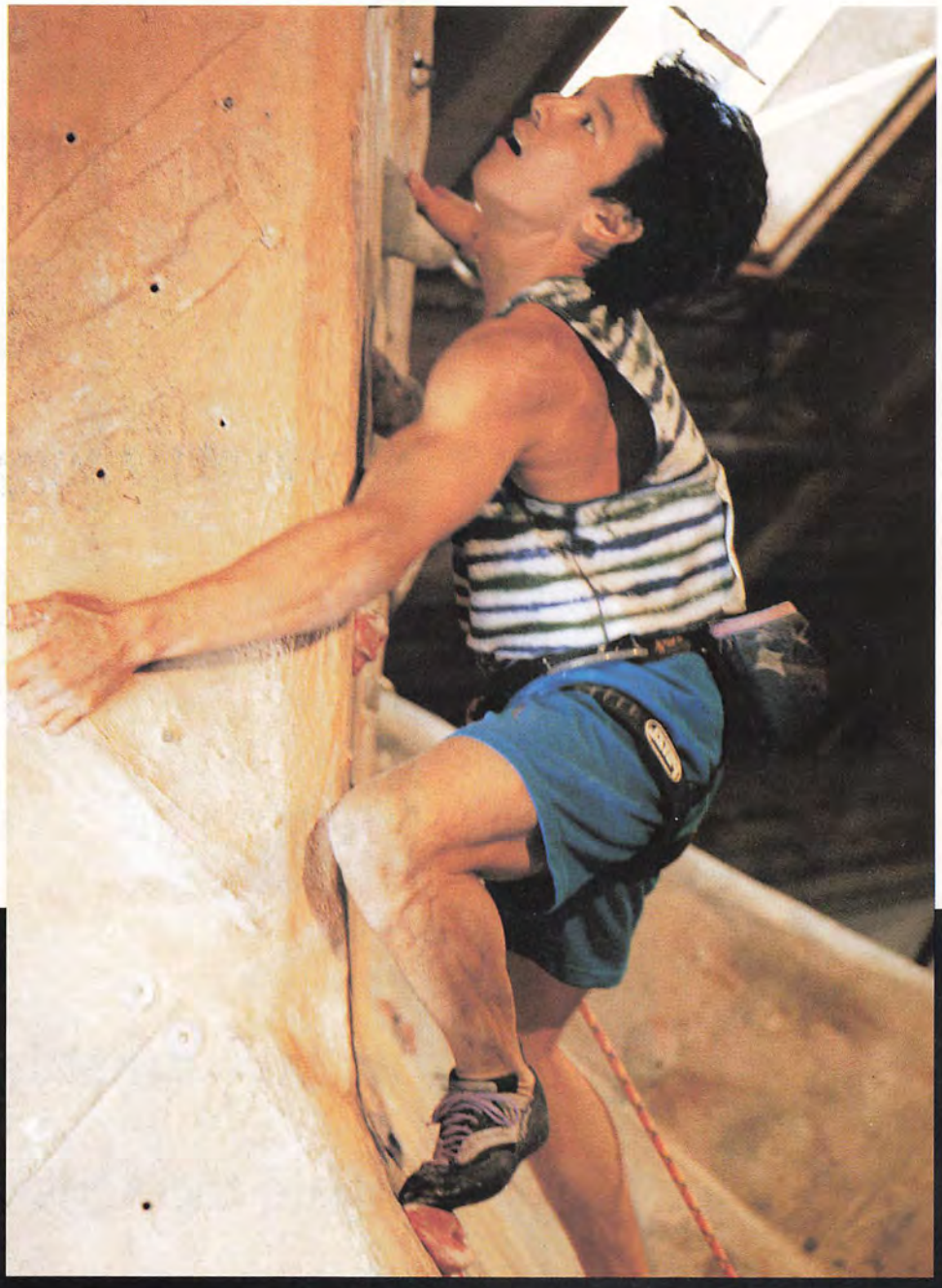
millisecond before, at last grasping solid rock. You can almost inhale the sense of relief along with a mixture of chalk dust and sweat as he leaps from his precarious perch and is lowered to the ground with cheers echoing in his ears. By Robert Mills. Photographs by Deverill Weekes.

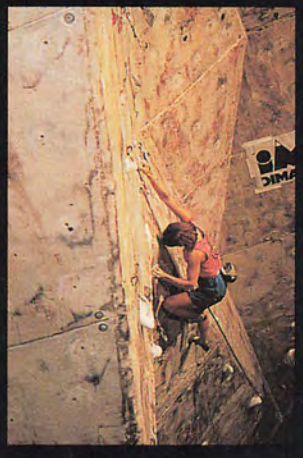
The reason for the crowd, the cheers and the competitive tension - all things not usually associated with the solo pursuit of clambering up cliffs - is that rock climbing has moved off the mountainside into the arena, to gyms with towering indoor walls. It's called sport climbing and it's helping to make the men and women of the rocks into minor league sporting superstars.

Spurred on by the seemingly constant search for alternative sports, by movies like *Cliffhanger* and the explosion in indoor climbing walls, this fledgling sport is taking off in America in a big way. There are an estimated quarter of a million American climbers and well over 100 city based, indoor climbing walls have opened in the last 5 years. And today, City Rock in Oakland near San Francisco, happens to be the venue for this year's ASCF's national championships which have the largest field ever.

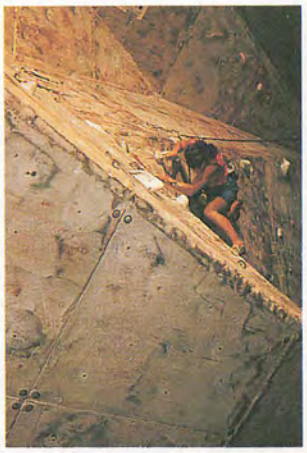
The US is the fastest growing climbing market anywhere and this fall the World Cup climbing tour will come to America for the first time - at the Clipper City Rock Gym in Baltimore, Maryland on October 9 and 10. Last year it was recognized as an Olympic discipline - so competitive sport climbing might well be part of the Olympic lineup as early as the year 2000. By bringing the sport indoors climbing has, quite literally, taken off.

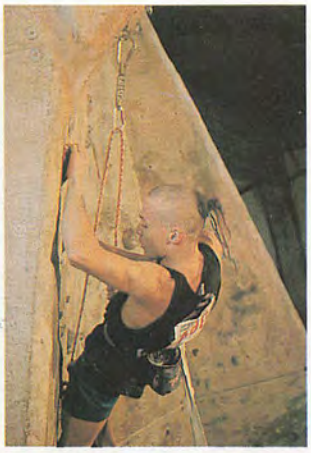
The imitation cliffs - 60 feet or higher - are made out of anything from plywood and fiberglass to ceramic or concrete. Tailor-made hand holds are then attached to the wall at strategic points according to the skill of the climbers. It's not quite nature and it doesn't have the

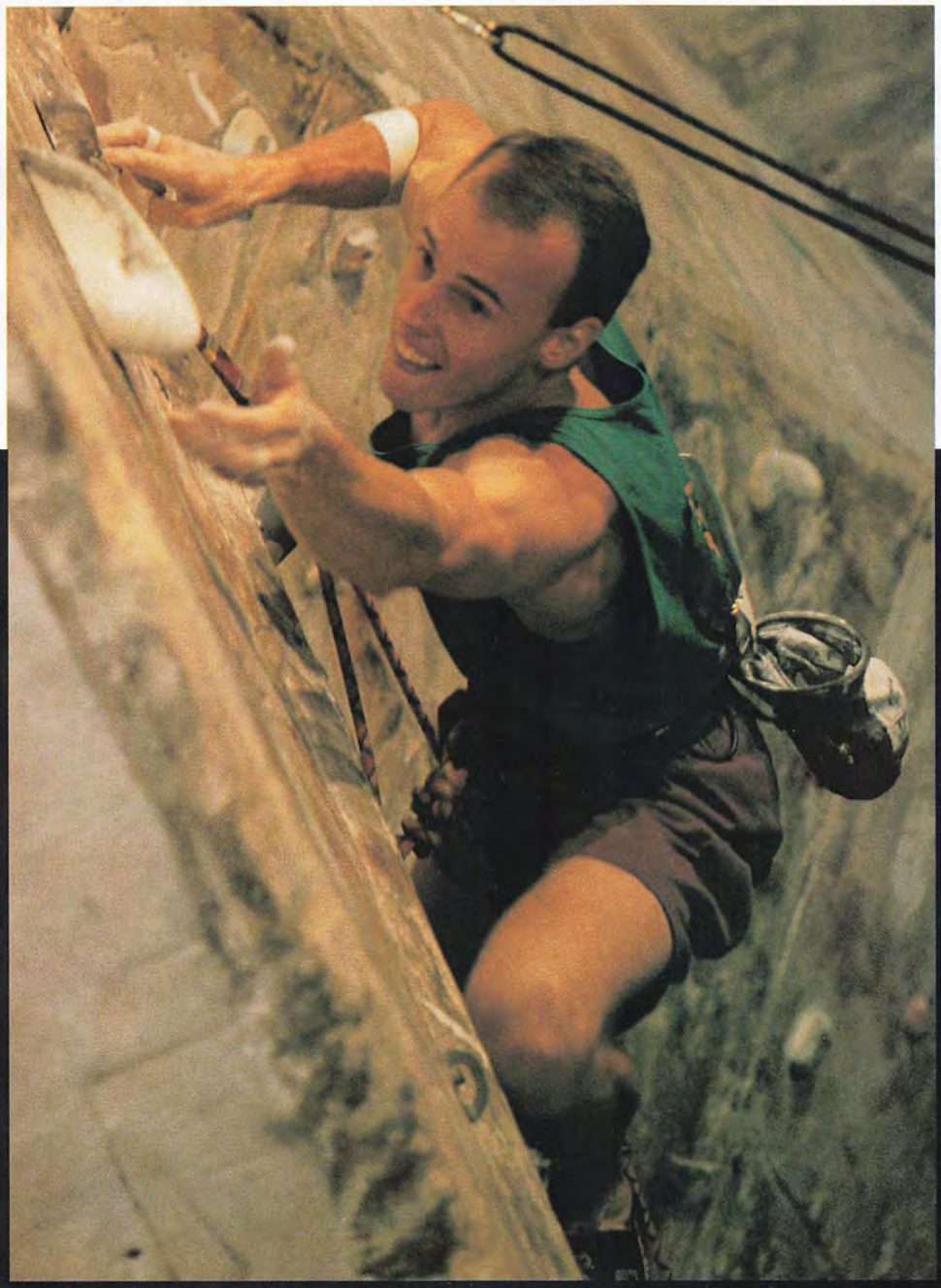




Rock climbers are a bit like surfers - they see something







spectacular views of climbing a real life cliff, but the sporting challenge is much the same.

"It's opened up another avenue, that's for sure, for people to get recognition and sponsorship," says Scott Franklin, after he has recovered from his strenuous ascent.

"This kind of climbing has really caused the sport to explode," adds Jim Karn, another top professional and veteran of the World Cup tour. "It's a lot less threatening, easier to get to, easier to start."

At competition level the routes are set to a degree of difficulty so tough that all but the best fall off. Equipped with only specially designed rubber shoes and chalk to give grip (so called free climbing because the rope is used only to prevent a big fall, not to assist the climb), the top climbers are gravity defeating athletes with mental as well as physical agility.

"The challenge is as much about working out your route as physically hauling yourself up there," says Scott, a man with a champion's single minded focus.

The next round of competition is about to begin and the pounding soundtrack of Talking Head's 'Psychokiller' kicks in. Before long, some of the top climbers in America are hanging at impossible angles and holding on to impossibly small finger holds once again.

"Basically they are measuring high points," explains Karn. "It comes down to this: Whoever gets highest wins."

"I'm a professional," says Scott proudly. "Climbing is how I earn my money. I was just climbing around and I was really lucky, a guy who owns a company called Wild Thing started to sponsor me - to go out and climb and use

mystical in their sport that they can't quite put into words.

The ultimate test is still man against nature not man

his stuff."

The 28 year old from New York - America's top male contender in the world cup stakes - began climbing seriously when he was 17. As a kid he would clamber up whatever was available - with sometimes disastrous results.

"I did a little climbing up skyscrapers," he chuckles. "And when I was about 6 years old I broke both my wrists - falling out of a tree. I had a few little problems like that."

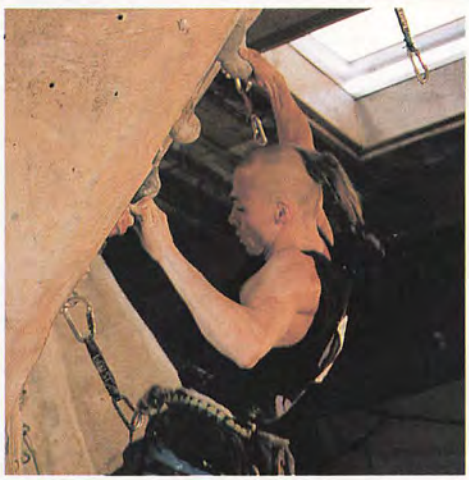
More recently, the adventurous climber dislocated his shoulder in a snow-boarding accident - that put him out of action for months. But injuries - at least major ones - in the sport of climbing are fairly rare.

"In this kind of stuff people almost never get hurt, unless you do something really dumb like forget to tie your knot or something," says Jim Karn. "Tendonitis can be a problem in the fingers. Sometimes you snap tendons in your fingers. You are pulling yourself up a lot of times by one finger, and you can hear it crack."

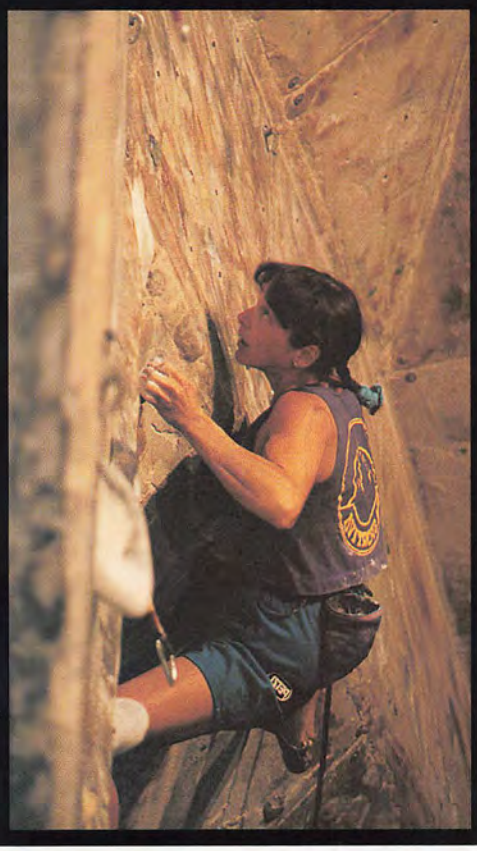
The circuit is a close knit one, and Jim Karn, like many pro's, is one half of a climbing couple. His fiancée Shelly Presson is the fourth ranked woman in the US. Scott Franklin is engaged to Gia Phipps, another top competitor, most famous for falling 400 feet for a stunt in the movie *Cliffhanger*.

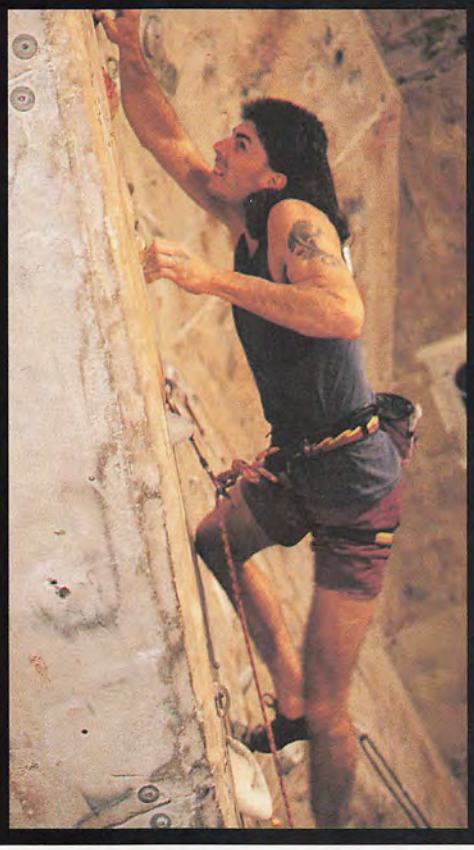
In fact, American women beat the men hands down in the international arena. Robin Erbesfield, 1993's World Cup champion, isn't at City Rock - she has flown to Switzerland for carpal tunnel surgery on her thumb, but Shelly, Gia, and Bobbi Bensmen are all here.

Shelly, a bubbly brunette with the lean build typical of



against man-made walls.



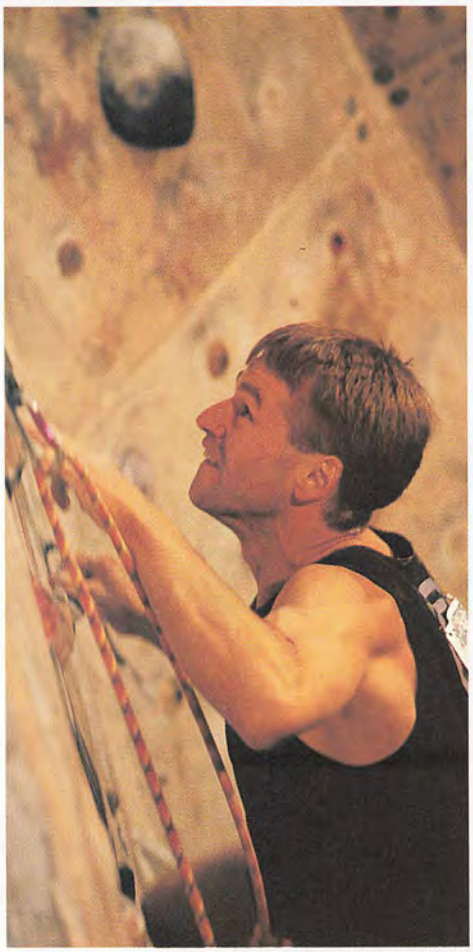


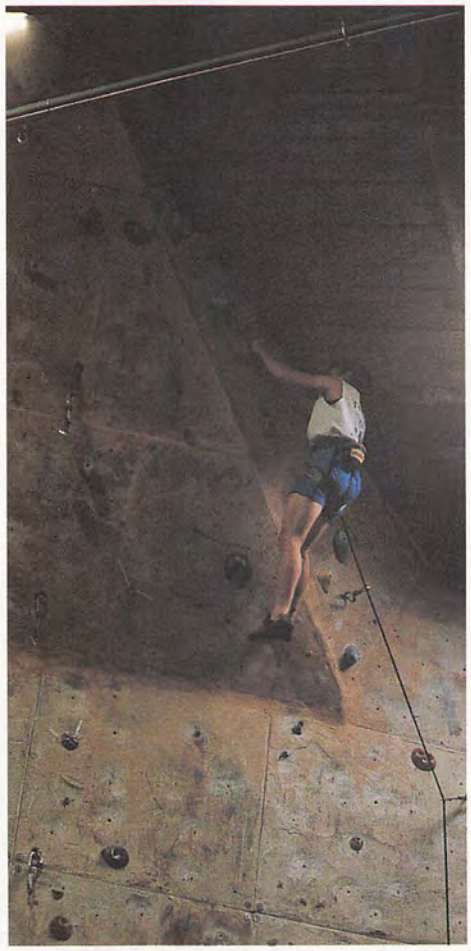
climbers, is from Sacramento, was reared on rocks in Tahoe and Yosemite, and is fresh from a top 5 finish in a recent World Cup event in Europe. A former marathon runner and skier, she has been climbing at the top level for three years.

"I tried it once and I was hooked," she says. "It's something; you can get really addicted to it. It's so challenging - not just physically but mentally as well. I'm not just an athlete, I have a brain, and I guess it appealed to that side of me too."

Cries of "Work it out Jason!" and "Reach for it!" ring out, as Jason, an aspiring young climber, tries and just fails to make it past an impossible overhang.

It is Scott Franklin who will walk away with top prize today: a check for $6000 and the kind of exposure that his many sponsors will appreciate. This kind of climbing helps to give Scott the security to travel the country and do what he likes best - climb real cliffs made of real rock. Right after this competition he is off to Yosemite, planning to camp out and take on a few of nature's challenges he has had his eye on for some time.





Indoor sport climbing is making the sport more popular. Climbing in a gym is a bit like surfing in a swimming pool. Most top rock climbers, it seems, still live for the cliff.

"I've not missed one of these competitions in 7 years - and they started 7 years ago," concludes Bobbi Bensmen, an impressively muscular woman with an intense gaze. "This is pretty tough, but give me rock any day. Are you kidding?" She licks her lips in mock anticipation. "I like to eat rock." ●

Heaven & earth

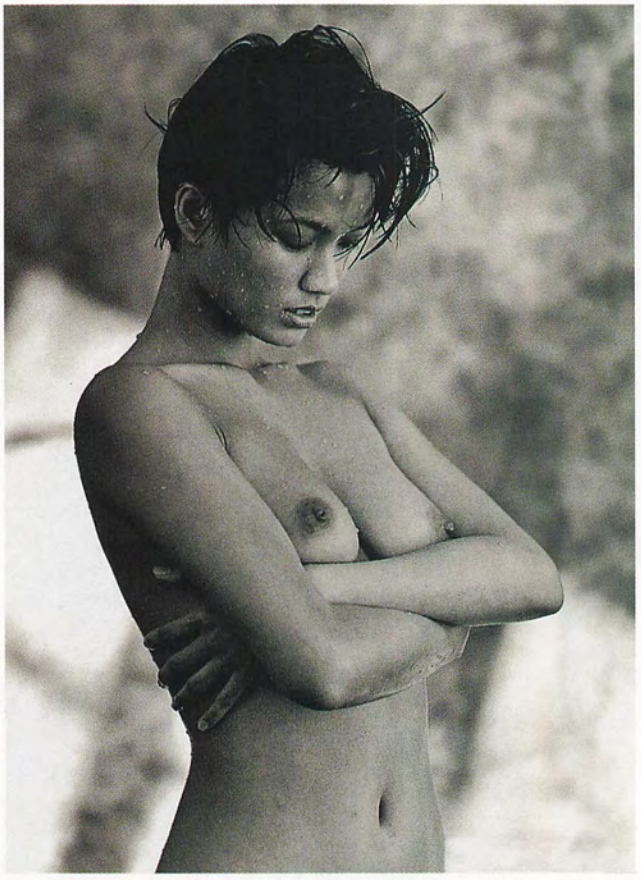
These exotic studies represent the international nature of figurative nude photography. Whether svelte or Rubenesque, such images are universal.

Photographs by Jeff Dunas

Forms of trees accentuate lines of the body.

Water makes flesh sculptured as marble or basalt.

Making shapes from shadow is Jeff Dunas' trademark. His studies are instantly recognizable.



Whether cool as rock or jagged as branches, Dunas marries the worlds of life and death together as intense physical beauty.

THE MAN IN BLACK IS BACK

By Frank Jacobi. Photograph by Tamara Reynolds

At the age of 62, Johnny Cash is a new man. After years in the doldrums, his music is making a triumphant comeback. But, with the release of his new album, *Cash*, produced by rap and heavy metal guru Rick Rubin, he's found fame again.

In the grassy field outside his House of Cash museum where he's posing for photographs, he winks, tips his head back and swishes his long black duster coat as though he were on a Paris catwalk. He's comfortable with the idea of himself as a country legend and he's having fun with it. "This thing I'm going through now is totally different from any experience in my whole life. When I'm climbing on the stage and there's screaming, and there's people pulling at me when I'm going through the crowd, I gotta say I love it. I love it. I eat it up," he says, relaxing back into his chair as we sit in his office on the first floor of the Cash museum.

Cash's image walks the line between being a southern macho man and sensitive artist. Born in Kingsland, Arkansas to a poor cotton-picking family, he fought his way into the music scene with his group — Luther Perkins on guitar, the originator of Cash's famous boom-chicka-boom rhythm, and bassist Marshall Grant — singing gospel tunes for church functions.

They wore black because it "was better for church" and it was the only color their three wardrobes shared. He persuaded Sam Phillips at Sun Records to record his first single 'Hey, Porter' and went on to make his mark with 'Folsom Prison Blues' and his signature song 'I Walk The Line.' He then went on to sign a lucrative contract with Columbia for 28 years, where he sang more songs of outlaws, prisons, heartbreak and hell. He doesn't like to think he's macho, though. "No, no, I don't think the ladies are looking at my buns," he laughs.

He prefers to think of himself as a God fearing man who cares. He and June prayed when they heard about the death of Nirvana's lead singer Kurt Cobain, he's come out in support of AIDS in the past, was openly against the Gulf War and he has had death threats from the Ku Klux Klan for appearing with black artists on his TV show. "I hate to get political," he says, squeezing his hands between his knees. "But I care, you know. There are a lot of things I care about. I think I've got compassion for the down-trodden and the underdog."

"I WAS KINDA RESOLVED TO THE FACT THAT NOBODY CARED ANYMORE"

He's singularly trod his own path and it's all the more fitting that he has chosen Rick Rubin, producer of the Beastie Boys, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Slayer to produce his latest album. They recorded some 70 tracks (13 of which are used on this album), many in Rick Rubin's living room, some in Cash's log cabin in Hendersonville, all with the aid of a simple DAT machine rather than the spangled country touch and mountains of studio technology. It's all acoustic and so naturally recorded you can almost hear the creak of the leather chair Cash is sitting on. "I hadn't heard from my own record company, Mercury/Polygram, in over a year, so I was ready to talk to somebody else," he says. "I didn't know who Rick Rubin was, so I wanted to know what he thought about me. I found, ten minutes into our conversation, that this man is not locked into any one thing; he's got a vision."

The album harks back to Cash's earliest recordings in the '50s with Sam Phillips and it brought Cash back to some early childhood memories of some of the first songs he'd ever sung. He also sings songs penned by some of the biggest names in the rock world, written specially for him — Tom Waits, Glenn Danzig, Nick Lowe, Kris Kristofferson, Loudon Wainwright III, and Leonard Cohen, among many others who didn't make it to the album such as Van Morrison, Mark Knopfler, Neil Young, and Dolly Parton. It's Cash at his most vulnerable, his most passionate, and his most rebellious, and there's new life in his famous chest-rumbling bass. "It's the real me," he affirms. "It's awfully unforgiving, too. You can hear every mistake."

Recording with Rubin, Cash has become cool again. He's become the elder statesman of the alternative rock nation. Aside from the occasional cover version of an Elvis Costello tune or Bruce Springsteen, Cash has had little to do with rock over the years. But in recent times hardcore bands such as Social Distortion and Wall of Voodoo have covered his classic tune 'Ring of Fire,' Michelle Shocked, the Mekons, and Mark Almond paid tribute to Cash with *'Til Things Are Brighter*, a compilation album benefitting AIDS research, and Springsteen credited Cash's stark anthems as inspirational to his *Nebraska* album. He's the original rebel and hero for a crowd young enough to be his grandchildren (although he still has coach-loads of older Cash fans who travel hundreds of miles to visit his museum in the hope that he'll appear to sign autographs, as he invariably does). "I was kinda resolved to the fact that nobody cared anymore," he says quietly. "I would get excited about my recording projects but nobody would share that and I kept hearing demographics until it was coming out of my ears. When I realized what Rick was trying to do, I felt very apprehensive. I thought, they know I'm 62 years old, I'm their grandfather figure, but

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I've had a lot of fun with these kids."

It was his appearance on U2's album *Zooropa* which ultimately helped trigger the Cash revival, however. His rendering of Bono's synthesized song 'The Wanderer,' brought new, young ears to the aging star's rebel brand of country music. Though nothing is planned in the future with the band, they remain best buddies. "I've known them for years. Bono said he was doing experimental music and I didn't ask any questions, I was just singing the song I liked. It would be a kick to make Bono sing a song my way," he muses.

Singing songs his way, Cash is courting controversy once again. His song 'Let The Train Blow The Whistle' has already been banned on eleven country radio stations for the line: "All my debts will be paid when I get laid," and the brooding video for his song 'Delia's Gone,' where he throws Kate Moss into a grave, has raised a few eyebrows. The song, he points out, is fictitious; he's never shot a woman, he says, and besides, he's a staunch supporter of women's rights. "I get awfully angry about the fact that young women have to do crappy jobs just to survive and I've thought all along, if they were a man, they wouldn't be doing that. They would have a lot more opportunities," he rails.

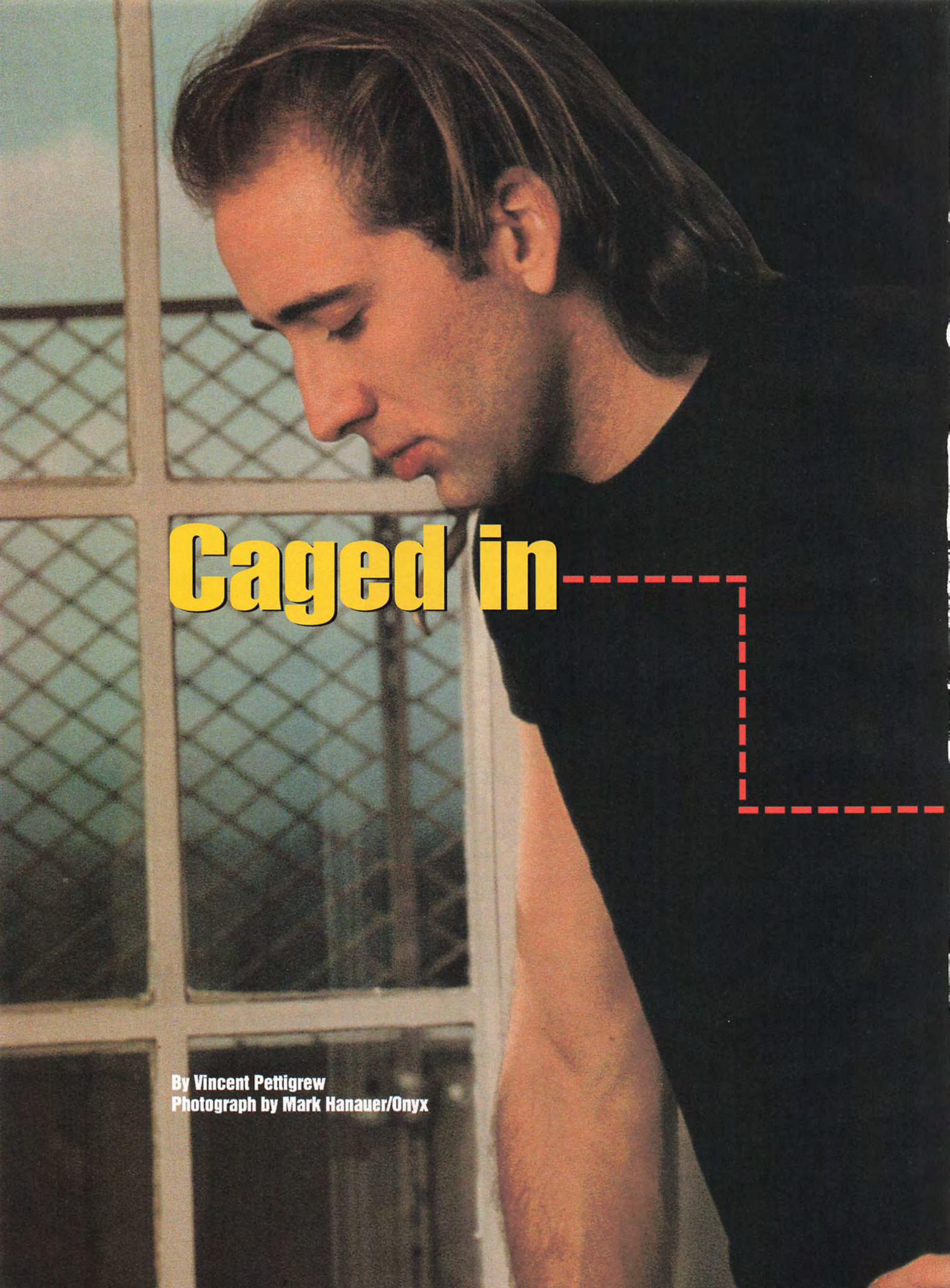
There's plenty of material for another Cash album after this one. In the meantime, however, he's embarking on a tour of Europe and the states (in between dates with the whole Carter/Cash clan), although not the Lollapalooza tour as rumored. It'll be a mixture of both large and smaller clubs, like his small warm-up gigs at Johnny Depp's Viper Room in Hollywood and The Fez in New York. "I've been scared to death of places like that," he says candidly. "It's like going on stage with U2; what will people think of me? But now I feel like after I've been playing a few venues with just my guitar, I could do that anywhere in the world because it's an honest performance. And if they boo me, I'll get off stage. Well, I might get off stage, I might not," he smiles.

He's been fully booked up to December and his rigorous schedule is enough to ruin several marriages. But this is nothing compared to his fling with success the first time 'round which nearly killed him. He was hooked on uppers and downers for seven years, regularly wrecked hotel rooms and totalled every car he had during that time as well as crashing two jeeps and a camper, turning over two tractors and a bulldozer, sinking two boats and jumping from a truck just before it fell over a 600 ft. cliff in California. He's been in jail seven times, one particular time for stashing 668 amphetamines and 475 tranquilizers in his guitar while in El Paso, although he's never been an inmate. You can see it in all the crags of his face and he's not afraid to hide it, though it's not something he dwells on. "You can write about pain if you've known a lot of pain," he says. "But if you've known a lot of pain, you don't want to write about it."

It was his wife, June Carter, to whom he's been married for 26 years, who turned him off drugs and saved his life. Congratulatory letters for their silver wedding from Bill and Hillary Clinton and Al and Tipper Gore are hung proudly in the Cash museum. It's attention to the little things, he says, which keep it all running smoothly. "A woman needs her own bathroom, you know. It's become one of our requirements that we have a suite with two bathrooms. I sleep different hours than June but I always keep the crawl space open," he says.

The future is exciting for Cash. His nearly 40-year career that has yielded 48 hit singles, seven Grammy awards, and more than 50 million album sales, is alive again. "It's like in Camelot when old King Arthur said Merlin stole all the pink," he says. "That happened in my life and in the '70s and '80s - somebody stole the pink. But now, the music and the magic has come back," he whispers. "The magic is back." ●

Johnny's boots were made for walking, always by bootmaker Lucchese, and he's pictured Opry style with wife of twenty years June Carter (above). With a blonde accoustic, of the guitar variety, Cash croons in his own inimitable style (below).



Caged in

By Vincent Pettigrew
Photograph by Mark Hanauer/Onyx

With movies like

Nicolas Cage made his name by taking big risks. From his breast-obsessed Vietnam vet in *Birdy* to the creepy off-balance literary agent in *Vampire's Kiss*, Cage has gambled on roles that few would touch. And he never seemed bothered when people expected him to be just like the characters he played. When David Lynch cast him as an Elvis-loving rebel in *Wild at Heart*, for example, everyone just assumed he *was* the guy.

Honeymoon in Vegas, Moonstruck,

Besides, Cage has always cast *himself* in the role of anti-hero, both on screen and off, revelling in the extraordinary. When he wasn't having teeth pulled to look like the harrowed Vietnam vet of *Birdy*, or causing havoc on the set of *Peggy Sue Got Married*, he was filling his apartment with stuffed insects, hijacking planes, smashing ketchup bottles on restaurant walls, and covering his body in tattoos, including a top-hatted lizard and, most recently, a stingray. At the very least, you'd expect him to be a brooding psycho.

and the all new

"I'm fascinated by what people expect me to be like," says a remarkably friendly and chatty Cage, who seems calm and laid back on the New York set of a recent movie. "I guess it's because if you play a far-out character and you really commit to it, sometimes people can't see past the snakeskin jacket or the wooden hand. Doesn't anybody remember there's such a thing as acting? That isn't me. I don't go home with my snakeskin jacket on; I leave my wooden hand on the set. I'm not these characters. I have been attracted to them simply

Trapped in Paradise,

because they have been loaded with interesting behavior and for me it's more fun as an actor to do something this far out. But the image is different from the guy."

It Could Happen to You was a Frank Capra-esque romantic comedy in which Cage played an unhappily married New York cop who tips a friendly waitress (Bridget Fonda) with half a lottery ticket and has to deal with the wrath of his wife (Rosie Perez) when the ticket wins.

is Nicolas Cage

It's one in a series of Hollywood comedies that began with *Honeymoon in Vegas* and continued with *Guarding Tess* that cast Cage as the Jimmy Stewart of the Nineties - the Everyman to whom we can all relate. In its own way it's as big a risk as those early movies - will we like the new, improved Nicolas Cage?

"One of the reasons I was attracted to the film was that I felt it had a positive message," explains Cage. "There are things in this world

becoming the decade's answer

that don't cost money that you can have an amazing time with. I think it's great to have a movie in this day and age that people can go and see and observe that fact. I think people need that right now."

Could it be that Cage has abandoned his dark side to become a full-fledged comic actor?

"It used to be that I wanted to be a serious dramatic actor," he says. "I was always avoiding the comedy side of my nature. Now, I think, 'Well, wait a

to Cary Grant?

minute. There's nothing wrong with making people laugh.' In fact, that is the ultimate medicine if you can make someone laugh. And the country is depressed. So right now I feel like I'd like to do more comedies. I feel like I've done the dark side of things for ten years now. Sure, I've made comedies in the past, but they've been about things like kidnapping children," he laughs, a little self-consciously. "So I'm ready to step into a new suit and try something a little funnier and lighter. I'd like to make sunny movies from now on."

In *Raising Arizona* (above) Cage gets funny with kids, then plays an unlikely thief opposite Samuel L. Jackson in *Amos & Andrew* (center). Giving it the Dion treatment Cage sings for his supper, and Peggy Sue (below).

These days it seems Nick Cage is more mild than wild at heart. "I admit I worked hard at that outlaw image for a while," he says, playing with the pair of small oval John Lennon-type sunglasses next to his coffee cup. "It was something I desperately wanted, because I thought that was so cool. But the problem is, it's very difficult when you start acting at 17 and you want to cultivate an image, because at that age I wanted to be thought of as the rock-and-roll outlaw movie star. But I was also arrogant and I had a lot of attitude and I was doing things like saying, 'I'm not going to take a meeting with Steven Spielberg because I don't think it'd be good for me.'

"What is that?" he asks, incredulous he could have ever done such a rebellious thing. "That's really arrogant. But you know, you grow up, you change, you mature. And I think you have to be allowed to mature publicly. And some of my behavior at that time still haunts me today, even though I don't do the same things - I'm a different person entirely than when I was 17."

Does this mean that we'll never see Cage go wild again? "I still have the urge for a carbon cleanout," he says reassuringly. "That's what I call my crazy performances. Like when you drive a car 100 miles per hour and you blow all the carbon out of the engine. I'm about ready to blow the carbon out of my engine and do something really berserk. I want to dip into the gasoline and get wild again. But I think for the most part I'm mellowing with age and I hope that is a good thing." Cage turned thirty this past January. "It was pretty traumatic," he laughs. "And getting there was rough. Now, it's interesting because I find that when I go out to a nightclub I'm one of the older people there, and I'm starting to go out less. It just doesn't feel right. I'm excited about [my thirties], though. I feel more content with my life and my work. And I feel a sense of calm now that I'm out of the twenties and the kind of hysteria they bring.

"I'm trying to figure out who I am," he continues, thoughtfully. "I find that recently I've been playing a lot with my toy train set - my father had a train set when I was a child and I think you return to things that made you happy as a child when you get older. Which is what I'm doing. And I'm okay about it."

Fatherhood has also had a profound effect on Nick Cage. His son, Weston Coppola Cage, was born in December 1990 and marked a change in daddy Cage's outlook on life. Although Cage and Weston's mother, Christina Fulton, are no longer an item [they lived together for several years prior to Weston's birth], he has unlimited access, and dotes on him.

"He is responsible for a lot of the mellowing you may be witnessing right now because once you have a child you grow up and you change," says Cage. "He's given me more happiness in my life than any movie. And he's also made me work twice as hard because I think I found a kind of instinctive need to work, in order to provide for him. Maybe that's the paternal instinct, to work hard and to just not stop.

"You know," he continues, "I think when you take a step like fatherhood, you do tend to start seeing things from a different point of view. I mean, suddenly things that didn't make sense make sense. Like, I always thought Tom Cruise was a good actor, but I didn't understand his mainstream appeal until I became a dad and I realized that if I had a little girl I'd want that guy to go out with my daughter." He admits that fatherhood has even changed the kind of women he desires.

"It's funny," he says. "I feel like because I'm

growing up my taste has changed in many ways. Originally I wanted the homecoming queen that I never could get in high school. And then I grew out of that. And now, quite honestly, I think about someone who would be very nurturing and supportive of children and good with kids and professional and has their own identity and life. I'm even," he laughs a little self-consciously, "looking forward to meeting a few schoolteachers.

"I have the fantasy of coming home and the fireplace is roaring and the dog is sleeping and children are playing and my beautiful wife is there and I'm sitting on the over-stuffed couch. I love that fantasy," he laughs. "But I know that that is not all true. It doesn't work like that. Maybe once every week you might get that. But you also get a lot of pressures and responsibilities. But I feel a sense of protection in having a family."

He's still looking for the perfect woman to play the role of the beautiful wife. "I'm actually more realistic these days," he says. "It's funny, love is a kind of madness. In love you can be deluded and lately I've become much more functional about it, about the idea of a working relationship, a functional relationship and less about the, you know, the wind-in-the-hair and the sand-on-the-beach delusion that love can sometimes create."

He claims there's no one special in his life right now, although he certainly has had a lot of experience. As well as his two year relationship with Weston's mother, he was once engaged to marry actress Jenny Wright (*St. Elmo's Fire, The World According to Garp*) and it is

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rumored he and Sarah Jessica Parker had a fling during the making of *Honeymoon in Vegas*. Things got nasty, however, when Parker gave an interview in the gay magazine, 'The Advocate,' in which she talked graphically about Cage's *very private* parts. Cage got his own back weeks after the interview was published whilst hosting *Saturday Night Live*.

Cage gained his wings with emotional portrayals like his Vietnam vet in *Birdy* (top), and with less famous roles like Matt Dillon's gang buddy in *Rumblefish* (right).

"They gave me this monologue which was all about Sarah Jessica Parker's anatomy - her breasts and so on and I thought, 'I can't do this, this is not politically correct.' But then I realized that this, of course, was the joke: I was doing this sexist thing and to make it p.c. I would talk about James Caan's ass. And one of the things that made it easier to do that monologue was her article on me in 'The Advocate.' I figured, 'I guess it takes one to know one, so let's go!'"

So what does the newly-realistic-yet-romantic Cage do for kicks nowadays?

"In my life, I'm pretty normal. I save the wild stuff for movies - you can get away with it and not get into trouble that way. But I love art. I like going to museums and looking at paintings. I like to read. It's really pretty boring. I'm a boring guy," he laughs. "I have my workout in the morning. I'm reading a lot of different things now. More existential, more spiritual things just because I've done the science thing for a while and I want to read about other aspects of what we are doing here. I'm pondering that question a lot lately. What are we? Where are we going? What are we doing here? I'm in that phase. What are people? 90% water, 10% electricity. Why?"

Cage ponders these mysteries of life inside his mock Medieval castle - purchased for $1.5 million in October 1990 - perched on the top of a hill just below the Hollywood sign. He shares his seven living rooms, three bedrooms, and four-and-a-half bathrooms (decorated, in his own words, in "Elvis Presley-meets-Liberace" style) with weird sculptures, stuffed insects, and an impressive aquarium.

"I also have a place in San Francisco that I want to get up to more often, but I'm remodelling right now so there's no place to cook anything. I just feel more relaxed up there. L.A. is my home, but it's getting worse. It's really getting bad. It's very scary, the crime. It's becoming pretty intense. I hear gunshots from my window.

"I haven't been a political person in the past but I'm becoming more aware of being part of a community. And I've always felt that if we could just take care of the community we live in and concentrate on our own communities that might be a better way to think about it rather than trying to be cop to the world, which America likes to do sometimes. I drive around L.A. and I see all the homeless and it really starts to get me down and it's getting worse.

"It's funny," he continues. "I was wondering whether it would be possible to make *It Could Happen to You* in the city of Los Angeles. I really don't think it would be. And one of the reasons is the bad press the L.A.P.D. gets. But in New York the police are appreciated in a very different way than in Los Angeles. In New York the police are really kind of like regular guys. When I was doing my research I would talk to them and they'd say, 'Just be yourself.' And I don't know what it is about New York that produces these kinds of officers, but there is something to it.

"And I was thinking, 'Would I have made this picture if I was playing a Los Angeles cop?'" He pauses for effect. "No way." ●

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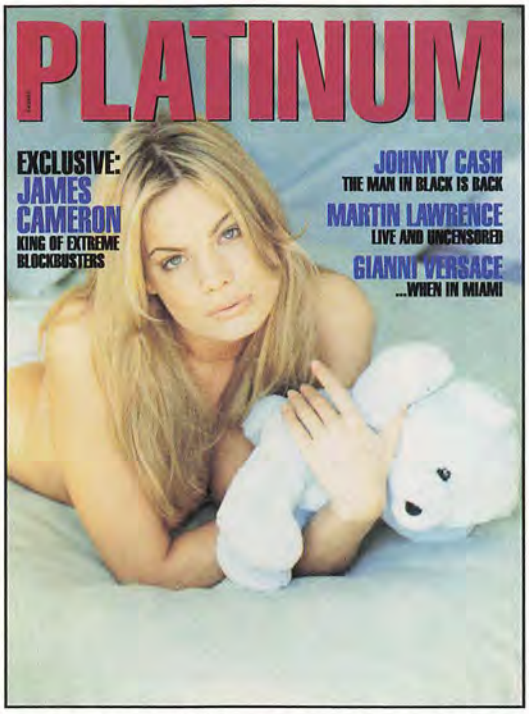

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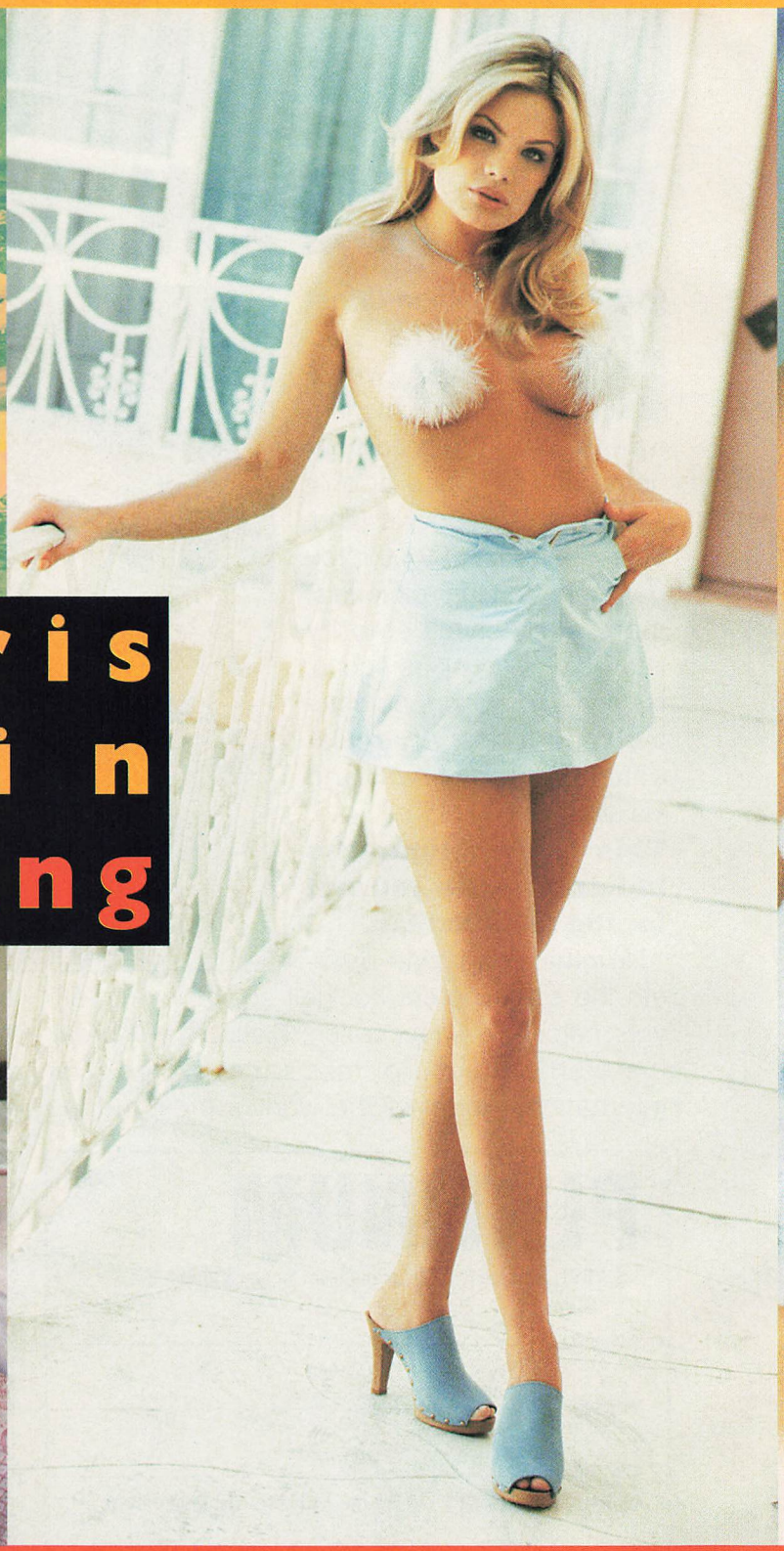
Originally from Detroit, Kristin has be



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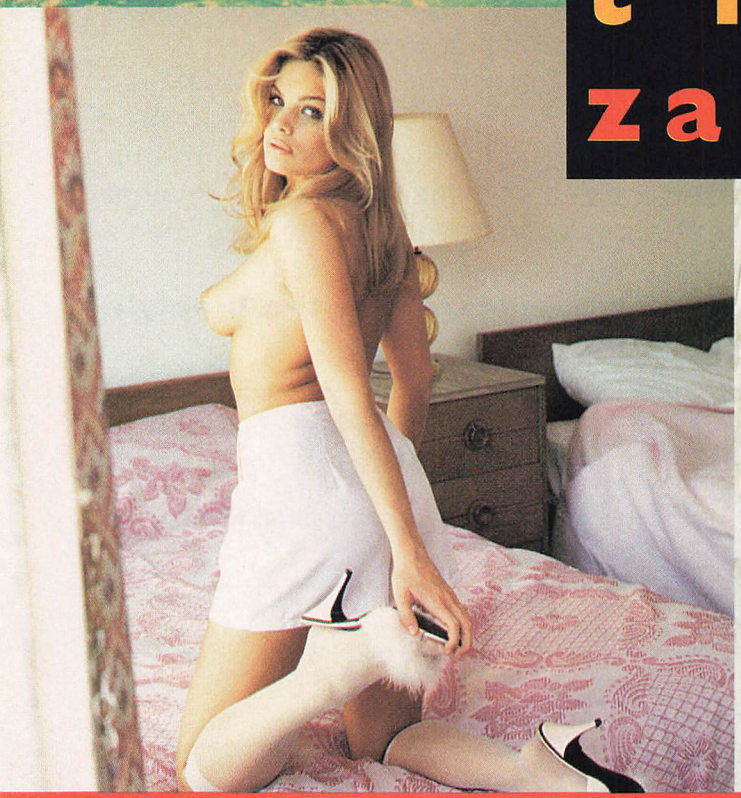


en with Bordeaux models for two years

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN BOLGER

kristin zang

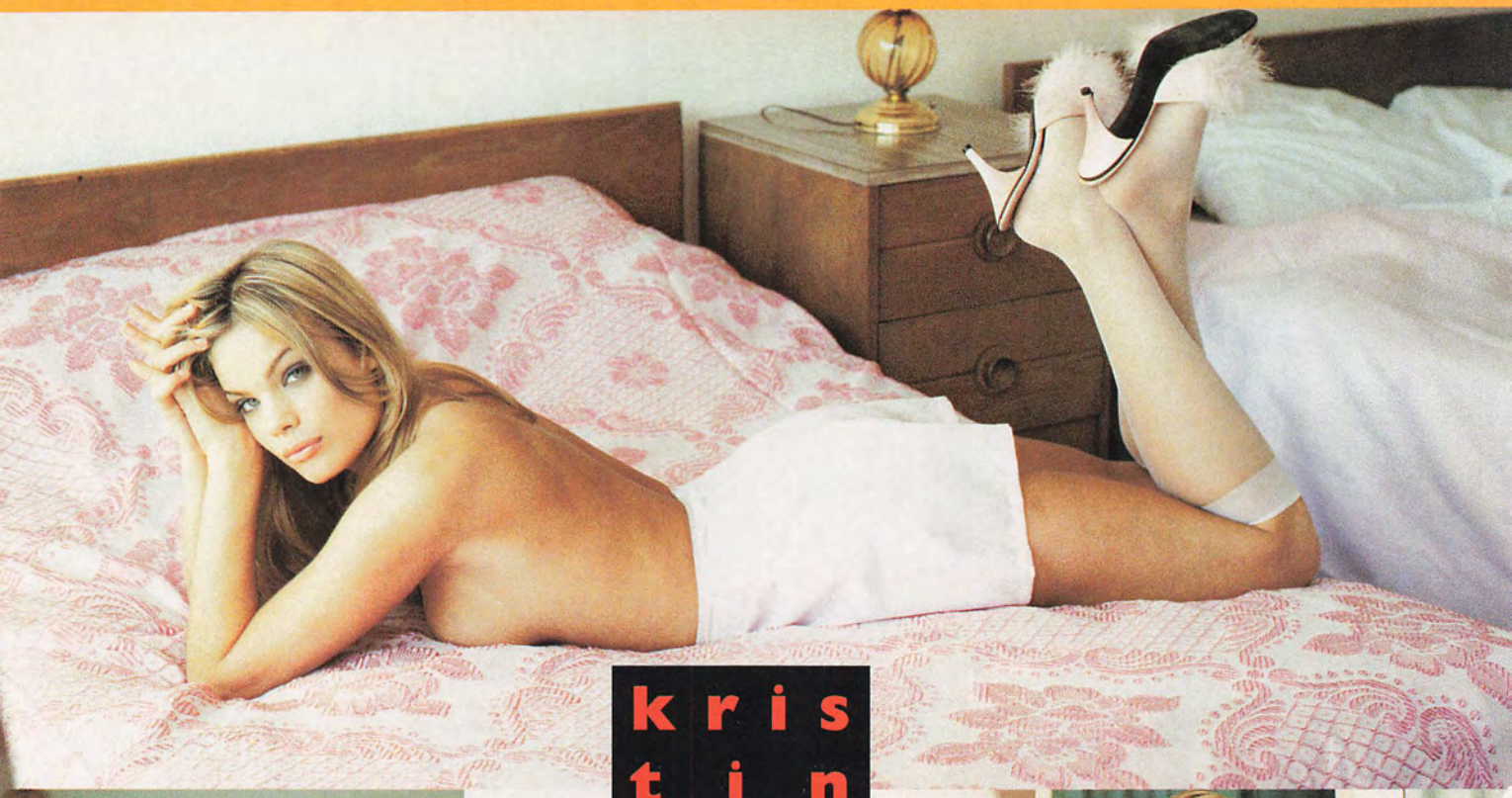
Kristin has modeled for Request Jeans, and

also appeared in German Vogue

Kristin has been associated with Nicolas Cage

kristin zang

since meeting him at a Hollywood party



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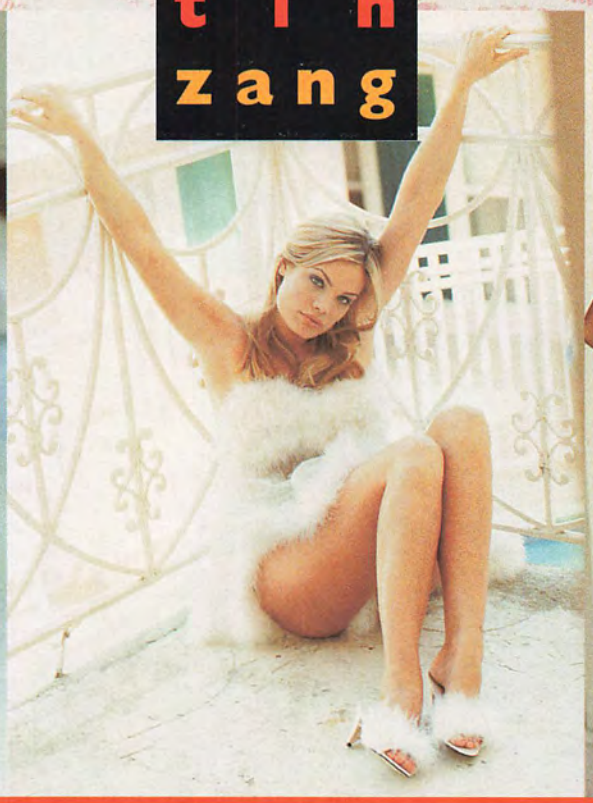

Only 20 years old, her career is established

in the serious world of modeling

Director James Cameron is a man of extremes, and so are his creations. Terminator *and* Terminator 2, Aliens, The Abyss, True Lies *- these aren't just movies, they're testosterone-fueled, adrenaline-pumping visual and aural extravaganzas that push the limits in terms of special effects and sci-fi imagery. With their non-stop action, ultra-violence, and over-the top stunts, they're essentially closer to white-knuckle rides than traditional action cinema fare.*

TRUTH OR DARE

Of course, such stuff does not come cheap, and Cameron's budgets are also extreme. His most recent offering, True Lies, *is reported to have cost around $120 million. But then the payoffs are also extreme.* Terminator 2 *alone grossed over half a billion dollars worldwide, and* True Lies *looks to do even better for the seemingly invincible team of Cameron and Schwarzenegger.*

Cameron, who has also gained a reputation in Hollywood for being a hard-driving perfectionist, is also extreme in more mundane matters. While most directors safely stick to one genre, Cameron happily - and riskily, considering past attempts (remember Last Action Hero?) - mixes hard-core action/adventure with romantic comedy, and pulls it off brilliantly in a film like True Lies.

Here, the Canadian-born director talks about his reputation and career, his theory of "filmmaking as warfare," how he discovered Arnold, and his ambitious future plans that include his eagerly awaited version of Spiderman.

By Iain Blair. Photograph by Zade Rosenthal

There's an old line in Hollywood that you can always tell if it's a Jim Cameron movie playing because the line in front of the men's bathroom is ten times longer than the women's. Is that accurate?

Absolutely not. I made *True Lies* as a romantic action/comedy and one that'd appeal to women just as much as 18-year-old males. In fact, the opening night of *Terminator 2* was almost 50% female, and the figures pretty much stayed like that during its run. Women really liked that movie because they had someone to root for, and there was the same thing with *The Abyss*. Perhaps *Aliens* was skewed more male. That's obvious. But even then women caught up with it because of Sigourney.

James Cameron, looking 'alien'ated on the set of *Aliens* (top). Sigourney Weaver looking almost alien in the finished film (bottom).

Why do you take so long between movies?

It was basically three years between *Terminator 2* and *True Lies* and in that time I've made one very large film, started up one very large visual effects company called Digital Domain which employs 120 people and which just a year ago was a gleam in our eyes, and one production company called Lightstorm Entertainment. Add in all the contracts and staffing up, and the fact we also started up our music division which supervises music for movies we're not even involved in at Lightstorm, and I've been pretty busy. So now, in theory at least, I should be able to direct a new film every year and a half. I also wrote another picture called *Strange Days* which is currently shooting in L.A., directed by Kathryn Bigelow, for Lightstorm.

Is it true that a lot of scenes were cut from True Lies, including a very sexy seduction between Arnold and Tia Carrere?

Yes, there were a lot, but that's always how I work. In *The Abyss* we cut some pretty substantial subplots. In *True Lies* we trimmed a lot of character embellishment. I believe that the way you create the best, most vivid moments in film is a reductive process. You write twice as much as you shoot, and you shoot maybe 30% more than you finally use. And somewhere out of there, you distill the best part of it.

There's also great chemistry between Arnold Schwarzenegger and Tom Arnold. Were you surprised?

Not at all, although I think a lot of people will be by Tom's performance. He has great comic timing, and the moment we read with him we knew he was perfect for the part.

There have been some well-documented stories about the stress of working with you on a movie like ***The Abyss.*** *Was* ***True Lies*** *more fun?*

There is nothing fun about making a movie. It's absolute warfare. You can be shooting the lightest, most spontaneous scene in the whole movie and it's still total warfare. 120 people show up with trucks and generators and lights and equipment and you clear the streets and put in the extras to take the place of all the people you had to get out of the way. So it's a totally artificial process. And what separates a good filmmaker from a bad one is if you can keep the magic and humanity within that process. And a lot of that responsibility falls on the actors. They have to be able to look out at three cameras, all the crew, and the thousand people watching behind police barriers and see nothing.

You have a reputation that precedes you - you're driven, a perfectionist. What makes you wake up each day and take on these hugely expensive and complex projects?

Absolute terror that what we put up there on screen will be less than it should be. It's that simple. I just can't imagine doing it less than I first envisioned. So once I have the image of what I want it to be in my mind, anything less than that is unacceptable.

So it's more for your own satisfaction?

Ultimately, I'm the only one who knows what it could have been, so I guess in a way it is. But I also believe that an audience just deserves the best, and when you make a movie on the scale of *True Lies*, millions of people are gong to see it, so they deserve the best possible version.

I get the feeling that you don't pay too much attention to studio executives and their suggestions.

Right. No one in the Hollywood hierarchy can push me harder than I push myself.

*I was on the set of **The Abyss** and the T-shirt of choice on that shoot boasted the motto "Life's abyss - and then you dive." I hear that, lately, some of your crew members favor the new motto "You can't scare me - I work for Jim Cameron."*

I knew that *The Abyss* was going to be a hard shoot, but even I had no idea just how hard. I don't ever want to go through that again. Like I said, though, my feeling is that when you put a crew together to make a movie like *The Abyss* or *Terminator 2*, it's really got to be organized like a military campaign. There's just no room for screw-ups.

Do you ever look back on your films and wonder if you should have approached something differently?

I generally feel I take the right steps. Sure, you can always have 20/20 hindsight - if I'd known in advance I was going to cut that scene, I could have saved myself a lot of headaches. But you don't know that. If I had a time machine I'd go forward in time, buy a ticket to one of my movies, watch it and make some notes, and go back and know exactly what to shoot. But it doesn't work that way. It's a big mystery. You're fishing. You pull in all this stuff and you sort through it and you take the best and start putting it together.

*You started shooting **True Lies** soon after **Last Action Hero** came out and bombed. Did that make you think twice about pursuing **True Lies**?*

There was really nothing I could do other than decide not to make the picture when *Last Action Hero* came out, and even then I would have lost a fortune by trying to shut down at that point. *True*

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Lies was what it was. The script had been written and we were in pre-production, I hadn't seen *Last Action Hero* and I didn't know much about it, but I'd read the script and I actually felt a little queasy about Arnold making fun of himself. It just didn't seem a wise thing to me. *True Lies* is a very different film and it wasn't in any way inspired by or modulated by what happened to *Last Action Hero*. I think that audiences get 30 seconds into a film and if it's any good they immediately forget what came before, just like they forget about *Twins* or *Predator* or all the other movies Arnold's done. And hopefully they forget about *Terminator 2* because his character in *Terminator* doesn't have anything to do with the role he plays in *True Lies*.

Is it true that when you first auditioned Arnold for ***Terminator****, he was up for the role eventually played by Michael Biehn?*

Yeah, no one had thought about him playing the Terminator, and I wasn't even wild about meeting him. But we hit it off immediately and it gradually occurred to us both that, of course, he *was* the Terminator. It was the perfect role for him at that point in his career.

Has Arnold changed a lot since you first met him back in 1983?

No, he was always an asshole (laughs hard). He was always very confident and very focused and disciplined. And I think that came from the fact that when we first met, he was already at the top of his field and a world figure in bodybuilding. So when he came to me as an actor, although he wasn't exactly a neophyte - he'd already done *Conan* and a couple other films - his personality was very strong and he'd already adjusted to fame. So he hasn't changed at all since I've known him.

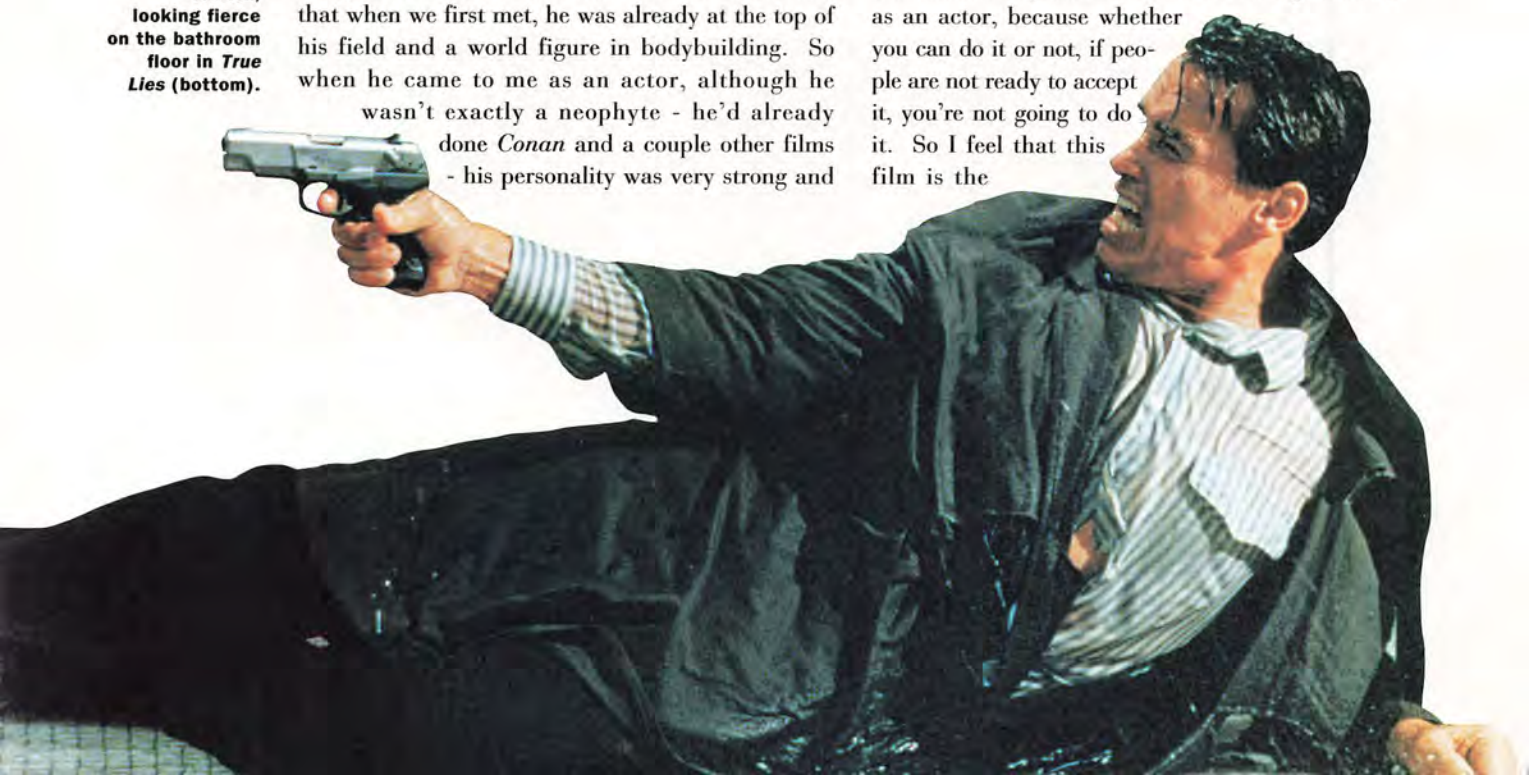
Did you ever think he'd become the biggest box office star in the world?

When we were doing *Terminator*, I said to him one day, 'So, Arnold, you've won the 'Mr. Universe' title a record seven times and all these other awards, and you're a world-class athlete, so what's with this acting thing? Are you serious about it or is it just a temporary thing?' And he looked at me and said, 'I'm not interested in acting - I'm going to be the next Clint Eastwood.' And I went, 'Yeah, sure, OK.' So it was very easy to write him off, but it's amazing to achieve what he's achieved today, and I think that's part of what everyone loves about him, that he always manages to exceed your expectations about him.

After directing Arnold in three movies over ten years, how has he developed as a performer?

For a start, I think he's much handsomer now. He was very physically striking in *Terminator*, but kind of fearsome, which worked great for that role and movie. Today, I think he's much more handsome and likable, and of course he's worked very hard at his craft and he's a very accomplished and stylish actor. We focused a lot in *True Lies* on making him much more charming and softer and more emotional. I think the thing that's always been very dangerous for Arnold is that people were unwilling to accept a real emotionality from him, which is a big limitation as an actor, because whether you can do it or not, if people are not ready to accept it, you're not going to do it. So I feel that this film is the

Bill Paxton and James Cameron behind the scenes of *Aliens* (top). Arnold, looking fierce on the bathroom floor in *True Lies* (bottom).



first time he's gotten to do a lot of different things.

Was he ready to show that range back in ***Terminator****?*

I didn't ask him to, because it wasn't that kind of character. So I don't know if he was capable or not back then. On *T2*, it required a lot of discipline because he had to slowly humanize his performance throughout the picture. But, of course, it was all shot out of sequence, so that was a real challenge for him as an actor. We all learn as we go along, and I think with this movie Arnold proves that he's dexterous, deft, and subtle.

Arnold attempting to terminate in *Terminator* (above), and another day is terminated on the set of *T2: Judgement Day* (bottom).

Do people underestimate him as an actor?

Always, yeah, and it's a lethal mistake to underestimate Arnold because you'll always be wrong. He's very confident at anything he does, because even if it's something he doesn't know how to do, he knows he can learn. For instance, his Arabic is very good in *True Lies*.

There's already talk of a sequel to ***True Lies****. Would you be interested?*

Sure. I think you could do one focusing on the Arnold - Tom Arnold relationship, another one focusing on the Arnold - Jamie Lee relationship, or maybe get all three of them into it again. It's pretty open-ended in that sense.

With Arnold as this super-spy and all the high-tech gadgets, it has a sense of a Bond film.

Yeah, except that it's a domestic Bond, and I think of it more in terms of the great screen couples of the forties and fifties, like Nick and Nora Charles of the *Thin Man* series. That's the one I always think of, perhaps because I used to rent Myrna Loy's cottage in Beverly Hills. I thought she was dead when I was renting it, and then later I found out that she was still alive (laughs).

Is it true that ***True Lies*** *cost $120 million?*

It's closer to $200 million (laughs hard). Look, this movie cost a lot of money but it didn't cost that much. It's always been my policy, even when my budgets were much less, to never discuss the budget, because I think it's pretty irrelevant.

Would you make another ***Terminator****?*

I don't know. There's a very rich, though bleak, futurography there, that you could delve back into at any point. Arnold has played the Terminator. And then he played the other Terminator. So he could easily come back as yet another. There's a factory somewhere in the future cranking these suckers out, so we could always go back to it if we wanted to. But I don't think we're stampeding towards it right now. In fact, it looks like we'll probably be doing a *Terminator* theme attraction for Universal called 'T2-3D,' which will be pretty cool.

And you'd direct it with Arnold starring?

Yeah, it'll be about ten minutes long and I'll be sort of supervising it and shooting a couple of scenes.

You seem to top yourself in each film with more and more amazing effects and stunts. Would you ever like to direct a small straightforward film with no special effects for a change?

Nope (laughs). Not really. It's not what I'm interested in. One of the things that really interests me, possibly in *Spiderman*, possibly in some other later project, is going into some very bizarre and surreal imagery that can only be done using computer-generated images. I want to try something really wild. Before, there were limits to what you could do in special effects, but now there are no impossibilities. If you can imagine it, you can definitely put it up there on the screen.

Tell us about ***Spiderman****. Are you going to cast a big star or go with an unknown who's also very athletic?*

I think the big star factor is obviated by the fact that the guy's supposed to be just 17 or 18. He's a senior in high school, and I'm playing it the way it was originally written. I'm doing the origin story and then going way beyond that and delving into the whole story of teenage angst. What if you were 17 years old and you could do whatever the fuck you wanted, anytime you wanted? Yeah, there's going to be all the webs and stuff, but it's also going to be deeply philosophical. ●

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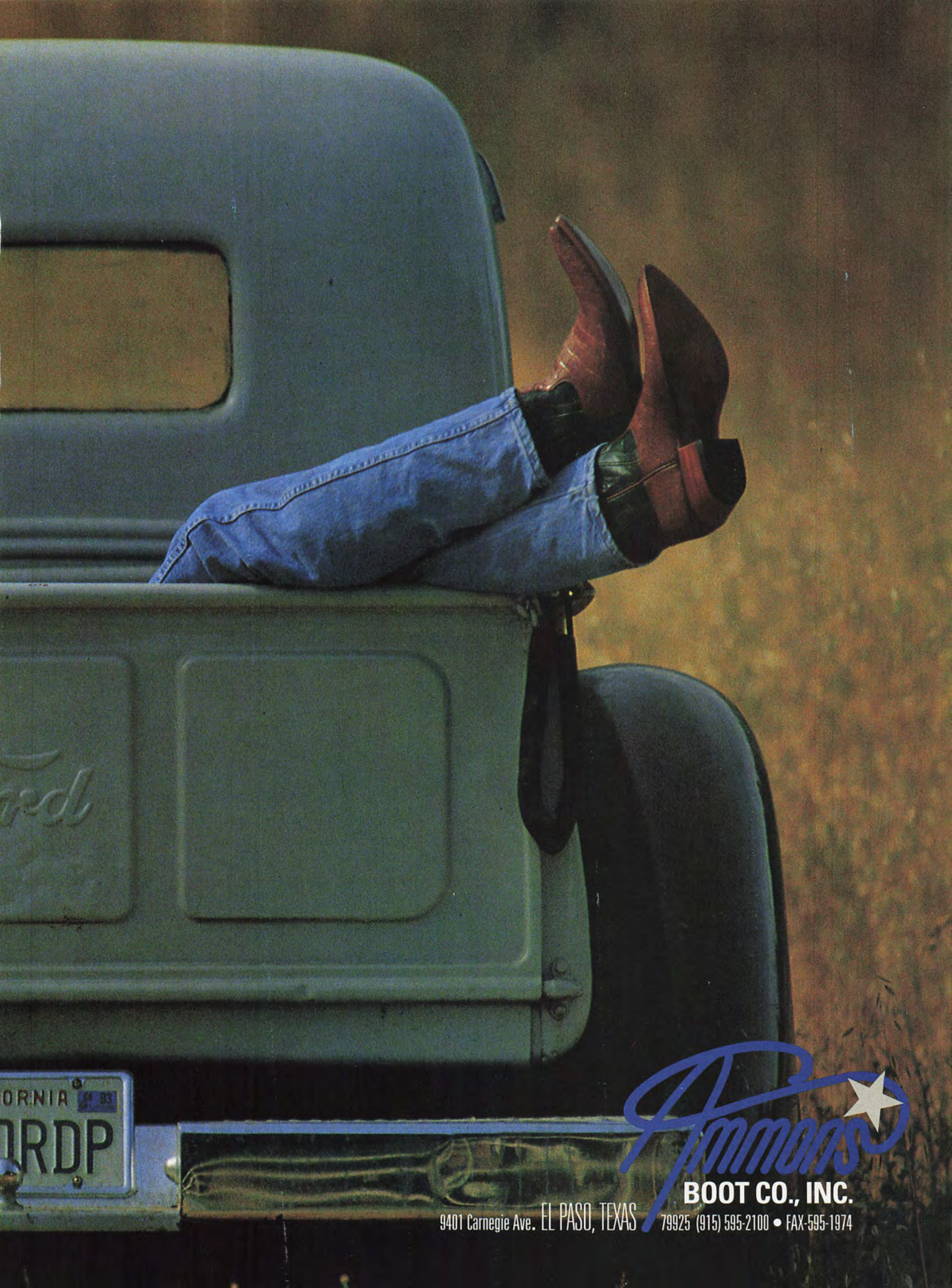

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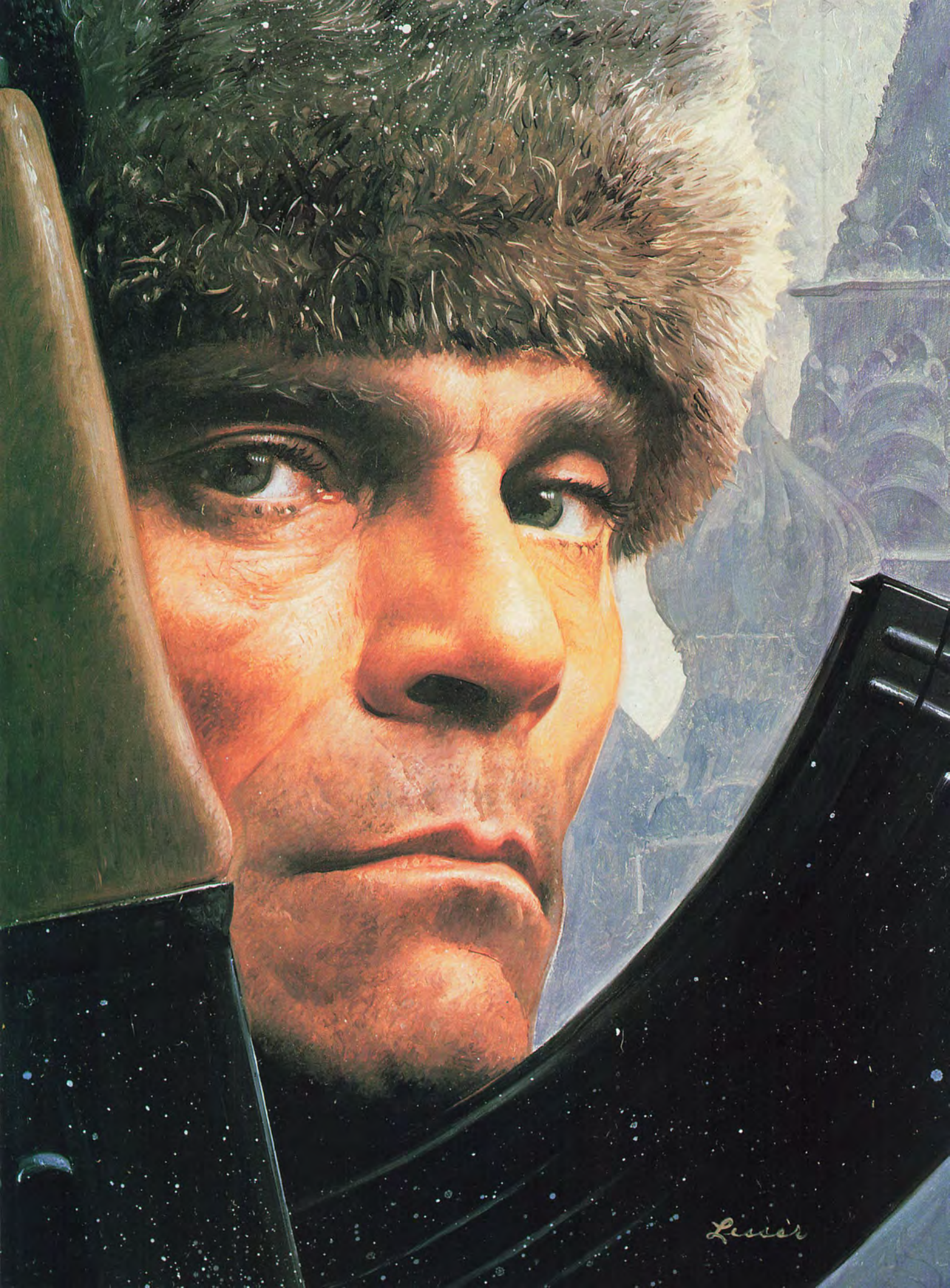
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THE MOSCOW MAFIA

A REPORT ON CRIMINAL MOSCOW IN THE YEAR 1994.

Her name is Tatyana Koropupayeva and she lives on the third floor of a tenement building on one of the grubby grey streets so common in Moscow, with its 42 sunny days a year. After calling her best friend Laryssa this morning, to bolster her courage, she is now sure about coming out with her story. "I have a friend who's an economist. He's an advisor to a bank..." She stops in mid-sentence and walks to an ancient dressing table. She takes out a photograph. I see a man in his mid-thirties with a badly battered face and bloodstains on his white shirt. The picture was taken two months ago, but her friend is still unable to go to work, says Tatyana. "But he doesn't even want to go there anymore; he wants another job."

ARTICLE BY MARTIN COENEN

PAINTING BY RON LESSER

THE MOSCOW MAFIA

In Moscow alone, there Although of different goal: total control of

Tatyana's friend was 'taught a lesson.' First he was kidnapped and held hostage for a day. Three weeks later, after refusing to cooperate with the fraudulent plans of the local Chechen Mafia, he was savagely beaten up. The Chechen had taken offense at his signature at the bottom of an 11 million dollar contract securing the import of crude oil. The contract was completely legal, drawn up with the help of the Stockholm Chamber of Commerce. All fine and well, but what about the Chechen cut? In despair, Tatyana's bruised and battered friend finally implored the military for help. The officer told him: "Igor Igorovich, if you only knew... You're not the only one, but unfortunately, I can't help you. We're far too small to do anything against them." According to one officer, the only solution would be to approach a rival clan that wielded more clout in the district than the Chechen. The officer gestured to a colleague who was "better informed in such matters." "Yeah, the Cossacks are the ones you'll be looking for," he told him. He proceeded to tell him some of their favorite retaliatory measures. "What do the Cossacks do when a Chechen interferes with their business? They kidnap him, tie him down, draw a circle around the offender to remind him of their respective territories, then cut off his head and send it back to the Chechen. That's happened three times now. It seems to work..."

The former Soviet Union is in the grip of the Mafia. In downtown Moscow, a monument has just been erected in memory of two racketeers who were killed in a shoot-out with the militia in June '93. It is a featureless granite boulder, but there are always fresh flowers. The monument is guarded day and night by the Mob, and the military purposely avoids the square during their daily rounds. Because there is no license for the monument, the city council would like to see it removed, but nobody dares to put their signature under such a bill. The fear of Mob retaliations is so great that only a few officials dare talk openly about the Moscow Mob. One of them is Professor Koryagina, an upper-echelon member of the Ministry of Finance.

She thinks that Mob activity has undergone a radical change since Mikhail Gorbachev lowered the red flag with the hammer and sickle on December 25, 1989. "In the heydays of the old Empire, It was the Georgian Mafia who had the monopoly on illegal trade. When communism fell apart, the Chechen made a claim to their territory. Power amassed in five, six families, who ruled with an iron hand. Before the end of 1990 they had just about the whole city under their control. As quickly as they rose to power, they fell from power. Nowadays, the Mob is represented by just about all of the former Soviet Union: the Azeiris, the group from the Caucasus, the Cossacks, the Moscow Mob..."

Koryagina has heard, from reliable sources, that in Moscow alone, there are some 50 'Godfathers.' Although of different racial origins, they share a common goal: total control of all business transactions taking place within the capital's 110-kilometer ring road.

It is only eight o'clock in the morning but in the militia's precinct bureau - which is remarkably dirty - two mobsters, who were arrested last night, are being held for questioning. "Where are you from?" asks the interrogator. "From Groznyi," says a dark-haired man who had been caught attacking a Georgian with a knife. "Nationality?" "Chechen." "What were you carrying a knife for?" "Without a weapon, you can't survive here. I don't want to die. I knew for sure that he wanted to kill me, so I preferred to snuff him first."

The Georgian is livid. "That sonofabitch is a dirty cheat. I owe him nothing, nothing, but he wanted my money. I smelled a rat right away. When I started counting the money, he became scared shitless. He screamed, 'Why do you have to do that? Just take the money and go.' Money? You mean worthless scraps of paper."

The Chechen spits on the ground. "A jackal, that's what he is! You can't keep me here forever. And when I'm out of here..." His finger cuts across his throat, leaving no room for misinterpretation. "He hasn't got a prayer out there."

What the Chechen didn't know was that the dollars he had attempted to steal last night were counterfeit. When held under a special ultraviolet lamp, the hundred dollar bill

showed a distinctly Russian watermark...

"These are small fry," says Alexander M., top dog of the anti-crime squad that occupies the former KGB headquarters, now known simply as the Ministry of Security. His office looks out on an empty socle, on which the statue of Djerzinsky, the KGB's founder, had once stood for more than half a century. It was one of the

are some 50 'Godfathers.' racial origins, they share a common all business

first statues to be torn down after the fall of communism. If I've ever heard of "Operation Tricolore," Alexander M. wants to know.

It started with a telex from Interpol in Rome. Counterfeit dollar bills had been found at a printing shop in Perugia, Italy. Not just a few, but several thousand. Interpol had found out that the Italian courier had a business visa and had been visiting Sjeremetjevo regularly, up to three times a month. Interpol Moscow finally brought the dossier to Alexander M. "Twelve million dollars," he exclaims in disbelief. "Twelve million counterfeit dollars."

By shadowing the counterfeiters, he learned that they were protected at all times by fifteen bodyguards. A special task force, 'Omon,' was deployed, consisting of a core of top officers. They had surrounded the Mob and their retinue; a short gunfight ensued, enough to put one Italian in a wheelchair for good and enough to disarm everybody. "The whole operation took 18 seconds," Alexander M. says with pride. He even has a videotape of the arrest. Take one: black Ladas and a BMW in the white snow. Cut. Take two: gunshots, screaming, closeups of the balaclavas and gangster mugs. Cut. Take three: gangsters on the ground, a sports bag full of money, an ambulance. Cut. The End. 'Operation Tricolore' dealt the Russo-Italian connection a hard blow. Alexander M.: "In Europe, a counterfeit dollar bill costs fifteen dollar cents, no more and no less; it's as stable as the ECU," a wide grin. "Over here, they can be sold for 50 to 55 dollar cents. It's easy to see why they went to so much trouble.

Bringing counterfeit dollar bills into circulation on the market is a cinch. Less than ten percent of the kiosks, with their western no-name goods of dubious quality, has the necessary equipment to check for counterfeit bills. Actually, it is far more likely that the kiosks will themselves bring counterfeit money onto the market. The same goes for the so-called "Exchange" bureaus that have sprung up out of nowhere, at an even greater pace than the hundreds of escort bureaus and other prostitution infrastructures. The explanation is simple. Except for a few kiosks, such as the two kiosks run by the Pensioned Intelligence Officers, almost all of the kiosks and exchange offices are run by the Mafia. And it doesn't stop there. The Olegs, Borisses, and Alexanders that had been active in the black money market during the reign of Brezhnev, Andropov, or Gorbachev, had exchanged the insides of their mattresses for burglar-proof safes in gleaming and/or grotty offices, complete with a 'Bank' name in yellow or purple neon. Day by day, these 'banks' are taking an ever more prominent position in the Russian money market. They are still not as mighty as the huge industrial banks that grew out of earlier government infrastructures (with whom they have a regular contact), but they are almost as strong as the bona fide private banks.

Evgeny Savostyanov, Vice-Minister of Security, knows all too well what is going on. "The Mob is trying to dominate the non-corrupt banks, because a bona fide bank is far better for laundering money. The sky is the limit, as far as the Mob's concerned." With the goal justifying the means, Vladimir Zaitsev, responsible for the security at the Stolychni Bank, is standing at the window of his office, which is lined with monitors displaying images from the bank's ten surveillance cameras.

"Look," he says, and points to the opposite side of the street. A huge monster of a man, in an army uniform, is leaning against the door of a red BMW coupe. "He's been standing there every day for three weeks now. We regularly get calls asking us if we would like to have some protection. Up to now, we've refused."

His boss, Alexander Smolensky, the chairman-of-the-board and president of the Stolychni Bank, wants to keep it that way. But he has to admit that it will be far from easy. One of his colleagues finally gave in when his wife was abducted. A few others have been murdered: the head of the Technobank, the district manager of Incombank, and a manager of the Kuzbassprombank. Smolensky: "The Mob is going after anyone who doesn't want to play along with their corruption schemes. Not very long ago, I received a visit from the director of an oil company that had formerly belonged to the state. He was accompanied by what he called a 'good friend and business partner.' Would I mind just transferring 1 million dollars to his 'friend's' account in New York? 'You won't be sorry,' said the 'friend' and showed me a contract that I didn't even have to read to know it stunk from all angles. Besides, I could also tell that something was wrong by looking at the director. When they went outside again, he was able to leave behind a small note saying, 'I've been taken hostage. For God's sake, DON'T make that transaction!'"

The Stolychni Bank will have wished that they had accepted Savostyanov's proposal for a ministry-organized security force. "The first time that such a proposal was launched was in 1991," Savostyanov recalls. "Back then, there weren't that many private banks and they were very resolute in their 'nyet's! They said that they were wealthy enough to be able to provide for their own security. Then, later, they came begging for us to go ahead anyway. So, okay, I plan a meeting. What happens? A third of the bankers who had accepted the proposal lodge a complaint to President Yeltsin and First Minister Chernomirdin about what they named 'government interference.' So I called up a few of these men to find out what all the fuss was about. They either hung up as soon as they heard who I was, or they'd say, 'Please, Evgeny, leave things as they are.' But in the meantime, the Mob has gotten their own back."

Pjotr and Valery's car pulls up some ten yards behind a yellow Wolga that has just stopped in front of the bank entrance. The radio/telephone crackles with static. "Number four, number four, twenty-five past three. We've reached the rendezvous. Connect us with number two, please." Number two responds, "Number four, number four, we're at five-by-five. Where is the 'Box?'" Number four is Valery. "The 'box' is at the 'rendezvous.' Stand by, stand by."

The 'box' is a man in faded brown leather jacket who has just stepped out of the Wolga and is lighting a cigarette. After receiving a tip, Pjotr and Valery's squad had shadowed him for a week, and now the moment has come. The 'box' is a few cigarette puffs away from committing a bank robbery, assisted by two colleagues who are already in the bank, posing as clients. What they do not know is that three other, equally unassuming 'clients' are colleagues of brigades two and four. Valery shouts into the radio, "Now! Now!" and, at the same moment, explodes out of the car.

The 'box' is able to fire a single shot before he and the other two are arrested, in decidedly unfriendly fashion. The 'box' is slammed head-first into the wood paneling and then thrown onto the ground, where he receives a few well-aimed kicks in his groin.

Head officer Buzina claims that he was not really all that interested in the bank robbery itself. "One of Moscow's daily nuisances." However, the bank robbery was the ideal circumstance for arresting the 'box,' who, an informer had told him, was one of the main men behind the passport Mafia. "Our hunch proved to be correct," Buzina grins. "After three days, he started to sing to us."

And how! The 'box's confessions led directly to a high-placed functionary of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Again there is a videotape. The images are practically identical: the

THE MOSCOW MAFIA

The Mob is going after play along with their

Omon make short work of the reinforced door, rush in, fire a few warning shots, throw the suspect on the ground, and take his identification papers out of his breast pocket. Zoom in on his passport photo... This time, it is the sound that proves. "Stay where you are, swine. Bastard, sonofabitch." A barrage of Russian four-letter expletives follows, alternated by a few muffled sounds of punches and the screams of agony.

Buzina is out of luck. Three months after the investigation, he has yet to come up with any hard evidence, despite plenty of leads. "Every three months he had a new copying machine installed. Why? I'll tell you why: to make copies that cannot be distinguished from the original. In his position, he would have had good connections with all the departments who are authorized to make official stamps and seals. He would think up an excuse to get the mold into his office and then make a duplicate. A little bit of practice on the required signatures and then he's laughing. I don't know how many fake passports and documents he made, but it must have been a considerable amount, including diplomatic passports. I fear that there are a few hundred fake 'diplomats' walking around in the States and Europe."

His name is Vyacheslav Kirillovich Ivankov, but in Russian Mafia circles, he is more commonly known as 'Yaponchik,' or 'Little Jap.' Even during Gorbachev's tenure, he was known to be the brain behind numerous obscure operations. He was arrested and sentenced to 14 years of hard labor in Siberia. Suddenly, in 1992, he was released from the Tunguz Prison on bail. It was kept quiet, but word got through to Laryssa Kislinskaya, a Tass reporter who had been keeping close tabs on the Mafia. After an exhaustive stint of investigative journalism, she found out how Yaponchik was released.

"I knew from the beginning that he was receiving protection from someone in the upper hierarchy. The question was: Who? I was able to trace two names. The first is Dr. Fyodorov, a world famous opthalmic surgeon who wielded great influence in the Kremlin. The second is the deputy head of the Russian High Court, Merkushev, who happens to be a friend of Fyodorov. They were the ones who secured his release. Officially, there hasn't been a trace of Yaponchik since, but I was able to trace him to the United States, where he is now living. Interpol Moscow claims they can do nothing because there is no official paper stating that he has left the country. Of course, such a paper doesn't exist, because he left using a false identity, as well as a false diplomatic passport."

The Yaponchik case is not unique, Kislinskaya tells me. During the 'Black October' events in 1993, the anti-mafia profited from the temporary emergency situation by cleaning up the Georgian Mafia. Eight of the fifty-odd Godfathers were arrested.

"It concerned drug-trafficking, arms dealing, gold smuggling - you name it. The first ones were allowed to go home after just three days. the others in less than two weeks. Among them was 'Kimo.' Less than a month later, he was again arrested, only to be released on bail. 'Kimo' was left to continue his practices until December. Again an arrest and again the immediate release. There are rumors that he paid a bribe sum of 50,000 dollars, but I can't prove that."

anyone who doesn't want to corruption schemes

Deputy Minister Savostyanov knows of the story, but can add little more. "It's beginning to look more and more like the Sicilian goings-on of a few years ago." And yet there is a difference. "Unlike Italy, we've yet to have our ministers and members of parliament form an

THE MOSCOW MAFIA

In Moscow alone, 100 before being resold in

honor lane at funeral of a Mafia bigwig." But even in the former Soviet Union, dead Mafia Godfathers are taken to their final resting places with elaborate ceremony. A case in point was the funeral of Rafik Bagdasaryan, a Georgian Mob boss, whose death in prison was surrounded by controversy. "His coffin was flown to Jerevan by an Air Force jet. For two days, the city was lit up, even though electricity supply is usually a big problem. It reminded me of the honors traditionally only accorded to members of the Politburo."

It is Tuesday, and a warm autumn sun shines on Djerzinski Square. I've been here so often now that the security officers of the former KGB headquarters are starting to recognize me. But not Mr. L. He is on the payroll of what is now known as the Ministry of Security, but he is more generally known as a biznizzman, as the Russians call them. He drives a new Jeep, and spends his nights in the casinos. Mr. L. is a top-notch undercover agent. For several weeks, he has been keeping comradely contact with a fellow biznizzman from Litouwen on the casino premises of the Inturist Hotel, a stone's throw from Red Square. They are sitting at the same card table, sharing a bottle of Absolut vodka and a pretty Natascha. Last week these meetings reached their climax in the form of a big arms deal.

A few of the guns are lying on Mr. L.'s desk. He is particularly interested in a pistol which was made at an Izhvesk munitions factory in 1992. Not that the pistol itself is particularly interesting. It is the pistol's serial number that provides the clue. The serial number shows that it was part of an arms deal from Russia to Litouwen, with the latter providing a guarantee that the pistols would be used by the police. An elborate con job, because as soon as the arms shipment reached the Litouwen harbor, it was returned to Moscow, where the guns were offered to bodyguards or other interested parties, at 6 to 10 times the original price.

There are places in the city in which you can actually see them displayed. Sometimes this is done quite openly, as in a certain store on Petrovka Street. Officially, the weapons were brought in from Munich, although the address listed turns out to belong to an antique shop, owned by Alik T., better known as the 'Tiawanese.' The shop in Petrovka belongs to a well known opera singer, curiously enough both a friend and a partner of the Tiawanese. "Never before has such a large weapons shipment been uncovered in Moscow," says Mr. L. "Anything from revolvers to fully automatic machine guns." Once, he was even offered the latest model used by the FBI's special task force. Mr. L. opens his safe. "I bought it. For our inquiry."

The telephone in my apartment rings. It is Iwan. His message is short and to the point: He's got the order. At five o'clock in Aragwi, a Georgian restaurant. "The price is 30,000 dollars," Iwan adds, "but I think that you'll be able to have it for 25,000." It's a Mercedes 500, metallic brown, leather interior, with 17,300 kilometers on her. Built in 1992, and with a road license on the window that shows her to come from Switzerland, and yet the car's documents say that the car came from Gdansk, Poland. Iwan is resolute. "No questions. Do you want to buy it or don't you?"

Driving around in my Ford Sierra a few days later, I can't help but wonder how many other gleaming BMW's and Mercedes were stolen. Everyone guesses, but no one knows the exact answer. The only information that the police can provide is that in Moscow alone, 100 western cars are stolen every day, before being resold in the southern Republics like Abehazia, Georgia, and Kirgizstan.

But the money made off stolen cars is

peanuts when compared to the fortunes that the Mafia makes with the illegal export of raw materials and non-ferrous metals.

"Not a month goes by without some new scandal cropping up," says Professor Koryagina. According to her calculations, the 'shadow economy' was estimated at a value of 1.5 billion dollars. "That amounts to roughly a sixth of the gross national product. If you count the speculation profits as well as the trade in raw materials, you can draw only one conclusion: The Mob is the economic backbone of this country."

The heart of Moscow, the Sadco arcade. Here, in the galleries of the city's international trade center, two famous clothing brands have set up shop, and every style of European cuisine is here to be sampled. Outside the center gates, there is a huge parking lot for trucks, a hundred to a hundred-and-fifty of them every day. It has long been a public secret that numerous dubious transactions took place here, but officer Slava was nevertheless surprised by the cargo he found there a few months ago.

"My first impression was that there was nothing wrong with their papers or their cargo: iron tubes. But I had a vague suspicion that something was wrong; a lot of policemen have that. So when I opened up the rear door, I found two metal chests filled with precious icons, as well as gold and silver jewelry."

Slava remembers the first big case that he was able to track down: the illegal export of 140 tons of copper to Italy. "The Mafia keeps getting smarter," he sighs. "It is illegal to export strategic important materials such as aluminum. The only exception is waste products. So what does the Mafia do? Recently, one of their gangs destroyed a few hundred thousand aluminum boxes, so that they could sell them as waste. But that's nothing compared to the titanium scandal. That was melted down into spade blades, with cheap wooden shafts, and then ostensibly sold to Liechtenstein. The amount of titanium was so huge that every Liechtensteinian could have had five spades! Of course that wasn't the case, because those spades were shipped off from Liechtenstein to Japan, where they were duly melted down again. Titanium is one of the most expensive strategic elements in the world, so you can imagine what they must have made off that."

Sometimes the transactions are so improbable that they are hard to believe. In Gagarin Square, for instance, 60 hectares of real estate were sold for... 990 dollars. Constantin Abaev was allowed to look into the contract. "The whole thing had something surrealistic about it," he ventures. "All of the buildings are included in the contract - their occupants included, probably."

The 'Gagarin Case' will take a smart bit af lawyering to undo. "In the meantime, it has become clear that this is another Mafia case," says Abaev. "There is a French corporation involved, Sari, but we're not sure who is the driving force behind this. In the meantime, three Sari managers have been killed in Moscow. Contract murders. Vladimir Tolmachyov was killed on his way to a meeting at the Kuntsevo Bank, that would seal his takeover of the bank."

A few days later, a certain Vaghin was killed along with his two bodyguards. An investigation brought to light that Tolmachyev was the head of a Mafia group that operated out of Yekaterinburg. Vaghin, too, had his headquarters there. Yekaterinburg is in the Urals, one of the richest sources of oil, wood, and metals. The two had been fighting for the region's hegemony for several months. Abayev has wondered why the Russian people are standing by as their country is being taken over by the Mob. "There are too many scandals," he thinks. "People have become immune to it. In the meantime, they have other things on their minds. With an inflation rate of two thousand percent, putting food on the table is foremost in their minds."

Vice Minister Savostyanov realizes all too well that something must be done about the present state of events. "But how can you expect Russia to solve in two or three years what took the Italian government over half a century?" He also wants to caution against too much doomsday thinking. "In any case, the state will not capitulate to the Mob. For that, the state is still too powerful."

*Where deemed necessary, names of the persons mentioned in the story were altered. ●

western cars are stolen every day, the southern Republics

He looks neat and organized, gray hair clipped close, the trimmed beard like the detail on a Roman coin. His hands are folded nicely in his lap and he is polite, self-effacing. He reminds me of a history professor from a good regional college, the kind of man who would take care to match his socks and use coasters and open car doors for women.

Except he is Versace, as in Gianni Versace, the wildly famous fashion maniac who designs impossible clothes for rock stars and has a history defined by shock value. So much for appearances; if fashion were a science, he would be the ultimate unstable atom. Gianni Versace broke loose a long time ago, dislodged from the fashion establishment suddenly by some random collision between Fashion and Fantasy. Versace's fantasy. He cannot date the year that he defected from the high court of fashion, or when he became its new emperor, but Gianni Versace has pulled it off. The maverick designer of chain-

radical chic

By Gilles Ruffini

For a decade Gianni Versace has been crowned the 'enfant terrible' prince of high fashion. But relaxing at his home in Miami, the real Versace reveals himself in more pastel shades

Photograph by Mark Arbeit

mail evening gowns, the man who put Cindy Crawford in bondage, the man who dressed Sting and his bride on their wedding day in elaborate costumes, a vision of Camelot by Fellini.

Gianni Versace today is probably as big as designers get — right up there in a holy trinity rounded out by Armani and Calvin Klein. He has come from Italy to Paris and now, to Miami's South Beach, where he is renovating a mansion on Ocean Drive, a European fantasy palazzo known as

Casa Casuarina, smack alongside a string of art deco hotels, pretty men on roller blades, Camaros illuminated by neon axles, and boom boxes all the way back to the Fountainbleu.

No one, of course, raises a grand estate with iron gates and 16th century paintings and Venetian glass from the heart of a funky seaside boardwalk. No one but Versace, which is likely the point of it all. Just as he refuses to apply aesthetic reason to fashion in the conventional sense, he does not plug into the standard circuits of how very rich people live in America. There is no grand isolation, no pretensions toward traveling incognito, no careful adherence to what is correct and what is safe.

Instead, there is a soft-spoken, almost shy man with an Italian accent out of Central Casting who insists that he really is very simple, who seems reluctant to hold court with anyone, much less a person from the American media.

I met Versace in the famous mansion, which is still under renovation. We sat in a cool sitting room that was dim, the light filtered by vivid stained glass windows. There was lots of inlaid marble, important paintings, furniture imported from 16th century castles. And then there was Versace, wearing black leather jeans and a bright orange shirt, chains draped at his waist. His friend, Antonio, maybe the handsomest man in America, joined us. Both of them concentrated very hard while I talked with them, as if I was presenting a series of very difficult math problems rather than asking questions about women's clothing.

I wanted to know 'why Miami?' which everyone asks him about. He tried to explain to me how attractive he found the "energy" here, the relaxed attitude people had. "Everything here is cool and fresh," he said. "It is global, the mixture of people and races is very important to me. That makes me fall in love."

Before Miami, there was Lake Como, Italy, where Versace still keeps a house and where he often retreats to design his collections. He describes Lake Como as more like the 18th century, a romantic, almost sedate landscape, compared to the crazed, tropical love affair that is South Florida. In fact, Versace likens Lake Como to Proust, while Miami is Batman.

Versace was born in 1946 in Reggio Calabria in Southern Italy, a region characterized by classic Greek temples and rugged landscapes straight out of Caravaggio paintings. His childhood was steeped in classic architecture and music; in front of his house was an ancient Roman bath. Versace attributes much of his fashion instincts to this early aesthetic, and it is this southern Italian upbringing that sets him apart from the tradition of more cosmopolitan northern Italian designers. As one observer noted, his real genius lies in "joining the passionate southern outlook with the northern mind's cool control, the internal tension of these opposites, the rich and the rustic, an innate bravado."

It was, by Versace's account, a family-centered, almost idyllic childhood. His mother, a local dressmaker, gradually became the inspiration of it all. He used to skip school to work with her in her little studio and his early dreams of becoming a composer were replaced by fashion. "I did not need to push," he recalls. "Fashion grabbed me." He moved to Milan in 1972 and began designing in earnest. His first collection under his own label appeared in 1978, the same year he began his long association with La Scala, designing theatrical costumes.

It was then that he was joined in the business by his brother, Santo, and his sister, Donatella. The same

management team is on board today. In fact, Donatella and her family share Versace's mansion. His little niece has an elaborate pink Venetian glass mirror in her bathroom spanning an entire wall; delicate, fragile, a masterpiece of shimmering spun sugar. Pink is her favorite color, he tells me, shrugging. He says Donatella is like a mother to him and Santo is "very much like the father." He says they make him feel safe, that they are "very, very close."

At first blush it is difficult to see why the quintessential bad boy of high fashion needs to feel safe, but then you have to understand how he has been criticized for being outrageous or superficial or star struck. In the past, his work was not taken as seriously as it is now. Etta Froio, Executive Editor of *Women's Wear Daily* and Editor of *W*, says, "A lot of people didn't understand his clothes," characterizing them as "uninhibited, a little on the wild side." It's safe to assume that Versace might have been a little too sexy for comfort, a trend that has now paid off in spades.

Supermodels Noami Campbell, Christy Turlington, and Claudia Schiffer can regularly be seen wearing Versace on the catwalks of Paris & Milan, as well as on the streets of New York.

"People take advantage," he says. "People judge too strongly. They don't know. Maybe they saw a dress that was glamorous and they think I am superficial. I don't really care about that, but it hurts me. They don't know how much work I put into my career. To call me superficial is very stupid."

The Versace aesthetic, as he tries to describe it when I ask, seems to have little relationship to the over-the-top designs he is associated with. "I live to express beauty," he says. "To give beauty to people, to surround them with beautiful things."

His good friend and fashion legend Richard Avedon says, "you cannot separate the designer from the man, or the Versace label from the person behind it. He's all about intelligence of heart and texture, complexity of spirit and line — and, above all, generosity when it comes to the fabric of life." The "fabric of life" is where Versace finds beauty, of course. "I think beauty you can find anywhere: in a simple girl, in a simple boy, in flowers. I think the expression of beauty is inside us. We have to really look at the flower and find the beauty. To be positive is very important to me."

Versace's early collections showed the distinctive qualities that have since become his trademarks: fluid draping, asymmetrical cuts, an affinity for black as well as bold colors and unexpected combinations. The last is one of his innovations, pairing leather and silk, chain mail for evening wear, a visual play between the modern and the antique.

"I think it is very important, my style, a mixture of elements. It is like the mixture of our lives. We have an 18th century house and maybe we run with a modern car. That is life today: a mixture." This incongruity in design standards and fabrics is basic to Versace's sense that being most alive involves the element of surprise, the idea that "we should always have surprise in love, in life."

I asked him if he has ever felt a little frightened, for having done something just a little too daring, for having launched a line of clothing that people would find too outrageous or incomprehensible. He said he has, indeed, gone "too far," and many times.

"It was very controversial when I did the collection with the bondage. Everyone was shocked about that but then everyone copied it. I was controversial the first time I did very short dresses and then women were attracted."

In the end, he says, what matters is not the initial shock value, but what women think about his clothes. His research into that area is empirical: He asks.

"If three women in my fitting room say they don't

like the dress, I cancel. There is no reason to do a dress that no one will like. I do my dresses for people."

In this respect, Versace thinks women should be the focus, not the fashion; or, as the old saying goes, the women should wear the dress rather than the other way around. And his customers do not have to be movie stars or 22-year olds who are six feet tall. In fact, he says, the most "unbelievable" woman he has ever dressed in his clothes was a 75-year old antique dealer, a woman he describes as elegant rather than glamorous. "The way you dress is not important at all," he explains. "It is important the way you feel, the way you express yourself, your personality, the way you move, your attitude. I don't judge people by the way they dress; I judge people by the way they are. The beauty comes from inside." This recognition is central to Versace's ability to tap into modern attitudes, modern individualism and freedom in fashion and in all things.

Famous for his extravagant rock kitsch, Versace is notorious for dressing some of the most beautiful women in the world. But aside from the glitz, a Versace outfit is always simply sexy.

It's natural, then, that the haute couture designer from 1978 would have branched out by now into the streets, at least the well-paved ones. Last December, Versace launched his first more "affordable" boutique in South Beach, Versace Jeans Couture, a concept that followed 11 other more expensive Gianni Versace boutiques in the US and four Versus stores (including one of each in the Bal Harbor Shops). The opening was more famous for the guest list than the prices, however. Every fashion magazine and tabloid of record duly noted the night of December 29 last year, when the flagship store opened with an "A" list block party for 500 of the designer's closest friends, including Gloria Estefan, Antonio Banderas, k.d. Lang, Don Johnson, Melanie Griffith, Mickey Rourke, Prince Dmitri of Yugoslavia, and the "It" girl, Diane Brill. Even Newsweek and the New York Times flagged the event, which got a few more lines of copy than Bill and Hillary's annual Renaissance weekend.

The "affordable" boutique is a 3,500 square-foot shop at 755 Washington Avenue, with everything from $50 T-shirts to leather bomber jackets costing $900. There are vests and beach towels and swimsuits with a decor reminiscent of an Italian garden: stone floors, tromp l'oeil art, vaulted ceilings. Versace said he dreamed up the store in response to his younger friends who wanted his clothes but couldn't afford them. And Versace must be doing something right: In 1993, his sales were up 8 percent, with net profits in the $16 million range. For 1994 and 1995, the annual growth rate is expected to be between 15 and 20 percent, and, to date, his business office says that the Versace Jeans Couture line has been "outperforming expectations."

Still, Versace does not think of himself as a money machine or a businessman (which is how he characterized Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren to me) but as an artist, as someone who "truly believes in his work."

He also believes in Miami, despite the in-crowd allegation that trendy South Beach has already peaked. In a recent interview in the New York Observer, Versace scoffed at that little notion. "Miami is over. St. Tropez is over. Southampton is over. New York is over," he said. "But the moment they are over, they come back soon. The story of life is that judging what is over is *de mode*. The most important trend is multiculturalism. You cannot be a snob. You must think global and Miami is that."

Although Versace has every reason to capitalize on the opportunity to be a prima donna snob of the first degree, he seems to really believe all the egalitarian stuff.

"I think the ivory tower is a thing of the past. If I

VERSACE SPEAKS

On Miami:

The attitude here is cool. In other cities, people run. If they run here, they run in the gym or they skate. They don't run to work. The statement I've [tried to make with my Miami collection] is the freshness of the place, the freedom of Miami.

On what makes someone beautiful:

Happiness. You have to realize what you are, to understand yourself, to accept yourself. Beauty is something that has to grow inside.

On how he works:

It's very hard now. I used to go in the office at two a.m. and finish at seven at night and have a normal workday. Lately, I have to escape to design. It's boring to stay in the office; the routine kills. This is one of the reasons I escape to Miami or Lake Como, just to keep an idea.

Some collections take more than one year. When I did the print collection, I designed all the prints of the scarf myself. There are 28, 29 colors for each design. Some collections take less, two or three months. If it's a basic collection, you need one month. It depends.

On being an artist:

The most important thing for a designer, an artist, for anyone, is not to be blind. To look around, to try to understand the world, to understand people, women.

On where his design work is going:

Today it is very important to have a basic collection. In each collection, we have ten pieces or five pieces or two pieces that are really good. It is impossible to have more. And then we keep this piece, collection by collection.

On the color black:

Black is the basic color that doesn't give you any problem. If you wear red, you must feel red. With black you don't have to feel the color. With me, when I feel color it is important to wear color. The moment you are bored you wear black - when you don't know a way to express yourself. I think people are really afraid of color, really afraid of art.

On artists he admires:

From Michelangelo to the Greek artists, from French to American, every personality who has an ego is interesting to me. But of all of them, Michelangelo was multi-faceted. Oh, and I adored Andy Warhol; I was friends with him for so many years.

On his favorite people to dress:

Lady Di is unbelievable. I dress Jane Fonda and I like her. Jackie Kennedy is still the icon of American fashion. There is no one star who represents fashion very well today - they don't care - but if I had to pick one, it would be Julia Roberts. She has such a human, earthy beauty. She is big. She is mama.

On great moments:

I cried when I saw my costumes at La Scala come on stage — such emotion. It was of such importance to me to be a part of an artistic production. I realized that night that I could do more than fashion. Another moment was when I opened the Fashion Institute of Technology exhibition. Really, there are a lot of good moments but the moments I like now are in the country with the baby, with my dog, with my friend.

On his house:

This house represents to me the vacation — the place you go to have fun, to relax, to enjoy the weather.

On America:

I love nostalgia. I love America. More than 20 years I am coming to America and I really love this place.

have to live in a tower, I would want a control tower in an airport. It's like living in TV, CNN, watching what's happening in Bosnia, what happens in Rome, in Paris, in New York. Designers who think they are God are stupid. We can just stay in this life for 100 years and it is just a moment. We have to do the best we can in this moment. And live well."

Politically correct or not, Versace has the living well part down to a "T."

The $3 million renovation on the house is just the tip of the iceberg in a life that includes a house in Italy, vacations with movie stars, a private Italian chef (reportedly hired away from Bice in Palm Beach) and an entourage of assistants and beautiful people at his beck and call day and night.

Never shying away from the sexual frisson of glamour, Versace's gowns have a retroactive flash, with an explosive tinge of S & M.

"Some celebrities are very nice," he said carefully. "There is a lot of glamour in my work. This is fun. Last night we went out with k.d. Lang; Sunday night we went to a movie with Stallone. But for me, it is like being a tourist; it is play. I go there and I look at them and I enjoy them. But they are also personalities and egos. I know the way to keep my privacy, my integrity."

Other stars in the Versace firmament are considered genuine friends; he is particularly close to Sting, whom he describes as "so normal, so wonderful." He is also fond of Elton John, whom, he adds, "is crazy on the stage but that's his job."

As he begins to get older, Versace is almost beginning to sound subdued as he stresses the need to "try to understand the world, to balance things." He says now that it is important to be the 'tourist,' a metaphor he uses often to describe a way of looking at life, or traveling through it.

"Sometimes when you work so hard with the pressure like I do, you must take time to be a tourist, to be the person outside. You must judge your work, what you are doing. I learned that with aging. I can say, 'This is wrong, this is right, do this, don't do that. And it has made me very happy."

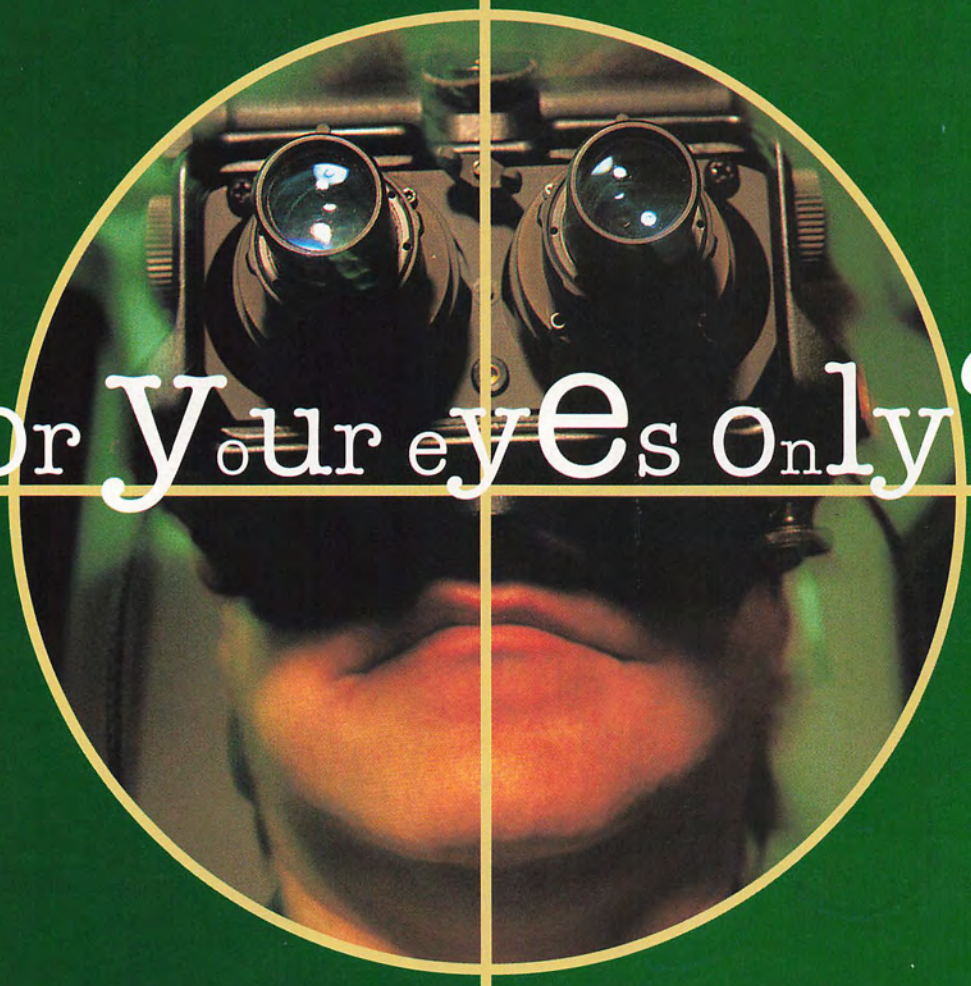
Since the late '70s, the name Versace has become synonymous with daring fashion, cult stardom, and international panache. Versace has launched his own colognes and home furnishings. He has designed opera costumes and won numerous design awards, including the prestigious Council of Fashion Designers of America International Award. Now, in 1994, the man who designs for the stars is a star in his own right.

"I have prepared 20 years for what I am doing right now," he says. "I feel confident. I just try to do what I feel is right. People understand."

But beyond truth or dare, the man, the myth, and multi-milion dollar empire, remain intact. Still Versace's metamorphosis from clown prince to international rock-style guru is now virtually complete.

Versace himself does not describe this transformation but he says he knows who he is now. He pauses to articulate the man today, in 1994. He shrugs. "A quiet person," is what he says, as if that had been the secret all along. ●

There is no such thing as secrecy, when the surveillance professionals go to work...



For your eyes only?

By Trevor Miller

With Pierce Brosnan cast to be the new 007, and hit espionage movies like 'True Lies,' it's hard to imagine the fast paced world of secrecy without Bond Girls or tuxedos. Still, the reality and Hollywood versions are not always one and the same.

Photographs by Virginia Lee Hunter

In fact, we can transpose MI5's shrouded headquarters for a leafy suburb of Los Angeles called Woodland Hills. Behind a secluded store front is The Privacy Connection, a company dedicated to the real-life realm of security, counter-espionage, and corporate de-bugging.

Established almost fourteen years ago, by secrecy supremo Phil Wolvek, after years of studious research, The Privacy Connection is one of the world's foremost companies supplying high-tech surveillance devices to governments, industry, and the private sector - everything from spy-cameras disguised as watches, hats, or briefcases, bug detectors to sweep buildings and conference rooms, even night-vision goggles (shown in main picture) which magnify available light 3,000 times.

Similar to Q in James Bond, with a bearing like a pro-ball player, Phil's business mixes engineering excellence with a touch of the nutty professor. " We do a lot of specialized products," Phil begins. "Someone will come to us with a problem that no one else can solve, and through all the years of experience we have, and all our contacts and engineers we can build almost anything."

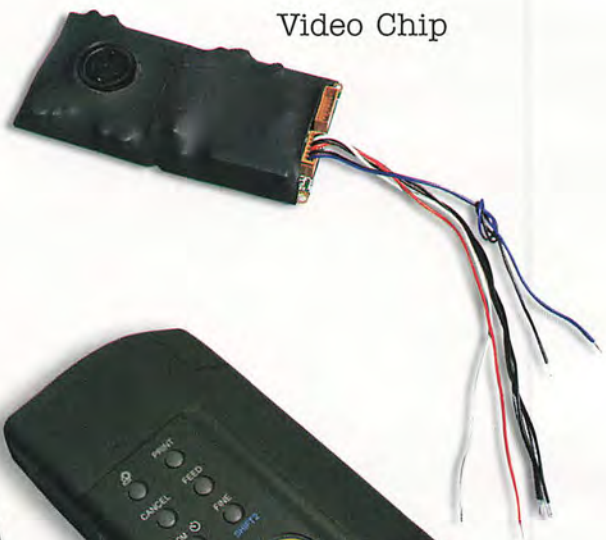
Phil and his team put their skills to the test when they re-built a Jeep that could spew an oil slick at a pursuing vehicle, shoot a laser beam backward to turn an attacker's windshield red, even a pain generator that would induce sickness in a driver coming toward you.

With equipment for every conceivable occasion, the engineers have plumbed in micro-chip technology to all manner of outlandish spy gadgetry.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE?

Star Light

Video Chip



Camera/
Printer

Fax
Scrambler

Aside from the celebrities or diplomats Phil looks after by building 'safe rooms' or installing security systems, the business of surveillance has landed Privacy Connection operatives in often very odd situations. "I thought I was set-up one night," Phil chuckles. "I had an attorney call me, and he wanted one of his clients swept (for bugs). We went to the location, and I was with my partner, and one of our phone techs. We were out there sweeping, and we walked in, then I saw the most gorgeous girl. She was standing there in bra and panties, hung on a wall in a frame. We looked at each other and thought that any minute Allen Funt was going to jump out, and that it was some Candid Camera shoot."

With clients such as foreign governments, private investigators, and even consultancy work for TV shows, Phil Wolvek's passion for his work has won many satisfied customers the world over. But he sums up the key to his success as simply "Imagination," he muses. "You have to size up each situation totally by the individual's personal needs to go ahead and solve their problem. There are rarely any quick answers. I think the biggest thing the consumer can do right now, in terms of security or crime prevention, is be aware - be prepared."

With The Privacy Connection, nothing is as it seems. Maybe that baseball hat your neighbor is wearing contains a secret camera.

This message will self destruct in ten seconds...●

Mini Chip Camera

Camera Watch and Developing Devices

Camera Watch

Cigarette Lighter Camera

Video Briefcase Recorder

RETRO SEX

By Robert Mills

SEX AND GOD HAVE NEVER BEEN THE BEST OF FRIENDS — PARTICULARLY IN THE WEST, WHERE RELIGION

With AIDS, date-rape and

PLACES SEX SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HELLFIRE AND ETERNAL DAMNATION. BUT IN THE EAST, MORE IMAGI-

Lorena Bobbit on the prowl, sex has never been

NATIVE APPROACHES EXIST (AND, NO, WE'RE NOT TALKING BANGKOK BAKERIES HERE). PERFECT THE

on shakier grounds. But students

ANCIENT ARTS, SAY THE YOGIS, AND IT WON'T JUST BE THE EARTH THAT MOVES, IT WILL BE THE HEAVENS

of an ancient eastern technique believe they've

AS WELL. SEX AS SCIENCE, ART AND SALVATION. FINDING GOD THROUGH THE G-SPOT. COOL.

got a way to put the *X* back

WE'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT THE KAMA SUTRA, BUT THE REAL ROOTS OF THIS HOLY HUMPING

in *sex*. So okay, everybody, repeat this mantra:

HUBBUB IS TANTRA, A YOGA-BASED SCHOOL OF EASTERN TEACHINGS AND TECHNIQUES

Shoooooooop, shoooooooop....

WHICH DATES BACK TO THE 4TH CENTURY—BC, THAT IS.

The thrust of the tantric philosophy is simple: Master the breathing, meditation and mantras, and a series of athletic psycho-sexual tricks, and you (yes, you!) can bonk your way to Nirvana.

What is tantra? Can it really change your life? Husband and wife, and tantric trainers, Sadu and Angel, think they have the answers.

"The definitions for sexuality at the moment are just too limiting," explains Sadu. This long haired, healthy looking young yogi is sitting (lotus, of course) in the homely London house he shares with Angel, their daughter, assorted tantric travelers and the aroma of joss sticks.

"Over and over the media shows people making love for the first time. But what we don't see is how relationships and sexuality can progress. Hopefully, with tantra, each time can be as new as the first time. As a couple, each experience can be a new one. And if that isn't a panacea for dying monogamous relationships I don't know what is. That's the essence of what tantra can offer."

With Tantra you can go through the A-Z of positions (pictured here), and even some of those not included in the triple-A handbook. Ofcourse the Crane technique is not included.

Good. In the AIDS threatened '90s, couples can surely use any and all the help they can get. Modern approaches to sex, it can be argued, don't leave much room between idealistic stereotypes and habit-forming tedium. Ancient though it is, tantra offers an alternative route to a sex life which sizzles — forever.

"The teaching of a healthy sexuality was very much a part of life for thousands of years," says Angel, who glows with vitality and oozes sexuality. Yellow-haired, with girl-next-door looks, she tucks her legs beneath her and adds quite earnestly, "Back then, young men and women were taught and expected to study the sacred rites of sexuality before they ever did anything together. They learned a skill, just like driving a car, as compared to now when people are learning about it in the back of a car and end up pregnant at 13." But unlike most schoolwork, Angel's steamy lessons are anything but dull.

Tantra means mastering a mind-boggling array of positions and techniques, with names like Low Branched Tree, Fluttering and Soaring Butterfly. And, despite their peaceful names, these acrobatic antics make what Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger did in *9 1/2 Weeks* appear positively tame. Oral sex is elevated to a religious ritual, and taking on two women at once is considered a holy act. There's even room for anal sex in the gospel according to tantra which, by the way, comes with a language of its own. The penis is a Lingam, the vagina a Yoni. And a good old fashioned romp in the sack is a Maithuna.

Yes, it is all a tad confusing at first. But if you've ever heard of the Yin and the Yang - the male and female forces of nature - then tantra at least begins to make some sense. In tantra they're called the Shiva and Shakti, but the general principle is much the same. Through sex, say the tantrics, these two forces of nature can be united and a higher state of spiritual awareness is eventually achieved.

"The woman is the shakti, the energy, the power that is tethered to the earth that raises the male energy, the Shiva, up to the sky," explains Sadu. "If the male and the female are relating in the most dynamic way, then there is a lot of power involved. Power which can be used for major life transformation."

But tantric enlightenment isn't quite as simple as it sounds. You can't just fuck your way to heaven any old how. It's all about technique. Like acting, football or playing the cello.

The cornerstone of tantra is something called semen retention, which as its name suggests, involves delaying the male orgasm...indefinitely. The experienced tantric can, as they say, keep it up for hours, making the myriad of positions a necessity rather than an option. Positions range from everyday missionary style and endless permutations of the average repertoire, to legs-behind-ears contortions which would stretch an Olympic gymnast. Tantrics don't just do it lying down, they do it standing up, sitting down or standing on their heads. They even do it in the lotus position. But that's not all.

Tantrics believe that a man can achieve orgasm without actually coming. According to Sadu, ejaculation is superfluous, an almost criminal waste of precious male energy. "Every time a male ejaculates he loses so much of his energy," says Sadu. "It takes an enormous amount of energy to create sperm and it's so taxing on the system. The man who spews all this stuff out feels exhausted and confuses that with a feeling of fulfillment. Then he generally falls asleep."

Sex therapist, Ann Hooper, author of *The Ultimate Sex Guide* (Dorling Kindersley), sees *some* aspects of tantra well suited to modern sexual dilemmas. "The problems I've been seeing in the counseling room are not so much technical as they are loss of desire. I put it down to stress. This is where tantric sex comes in. It's a philosophy which is saying that there are many different ways to approach sex, you have a build up period, a lot of touching and thought which goes into it." And this, presumably, is good.

But it takes a sizable leap of faith to accept the tantric teaching that the permanently delayed male orgasm is the key to unlocking Kundalini - the Shakti spirit which resides at the base of the spine - and with it the spiritual power which is the source of tantra's

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mystique. Hooper, for one, isn't sold.

"I definitely don't think its a very good idea to retain your semen indefinitely," she says. "Yes you need the build up, yes you need to take time and get more feeling into the sex act. But I wouldn't think that hardly ever having an ejaculation is a good idea. People are entitled to their beliefs but there's absolutely no evidence to say that ejaculating is in any way harmful. It's probably based on very old fashioned myths, like the Victorian idea that if you masturbate you weaken yourself. It's absolute nonsense. I don't think that having an orgasm is quite as vital as is often thought, but I do think you need it some of the time."

Nevertheless, says Sadu, the eternal erection unlocks a powerful force which can disturb the uninitiated. "A guy called us up a little while ago and said he'd been practicing semen retention in order to give his partner more pleasure, but that he'd been getting these strange sensations, hot and cold rushes, all kinds of stuff. He was a little bit scared of it. The problem is that you've got to know what to do with the energy. You're tapping into something that is very, very potent."

Potent or not, the question remains: How do you achieve this devastating durability? The key, according to tantra, is a combination of psychological and physiological control; on the one hand, exercising the muscle we all use to stop urinating (with a series of yogic exercises), and on the other, concentrating the mind with breathing exercises and mantras. Beginners (or their partners) can apply pressure directly to the area between the scrotum and the anus to achieve the effect.

"Its a dance together," says Sadu. "The woman's got to know exactly where the male is — if he's on the edge of orgasm, let's say, so that the male can hold on to the semen and then come back. It goes into some very, very subtle realms. It's not a case of the man ramming it home and holding with all his muscular strength."

But isn't emphasis on the eternal erection a daunting one for most men?

"The woman is not even touching the beginning of her fulfillment," counters a wide eyed Angel. "Women ejaculate too, you know. That's something that's not very commonly known. Given the time and the space..." Her voice trails off, she has a gorgeous glazed look on her face.

"It's a fluid," she continues when she gets back to the task in hand. "About a pint of it. And when the woman reaches her ejaculation, the man is sent into ecstasy. It's called a valley orgasm. I mean, did you know that the average length of lovemaking is something like two minutes? That's scandalous."

Despite it's sometimes outlandish claims, tantra emphasizes many of the aspects approved by modern sex therapy. A good diet, relaxation skills, massage techniques, and tactile exercises are all a part of tantric preparation.

"The thing is for it to come over in an holistic way," says Sadu, "because just teaching a physical practice on its own is certainly not what tantra is about. It's very much about taking the whole being through a process of transformation where the whole person can really get in touch with the female and male inside them. We don't go through the book and say 'right now we do this one.' That's why you spend time training, with the yoga and the breathing, until it becomes second nature. But you can learn very quickly. What do you do when you learn to ski? You practice until you get it right. The one thing we really have to stress is that it's OK to laugh."

Exploring the world of tantra might not help you find God, but you can guarantee an exotic choice of positions. And, presumably, a handful of laughs. ●

Tantra is where the spiritual & earthly realms crossover into a metaphysical notion of sexuality. The sidebar (right) is self-explanatory, but for more detailed procedures consult your local mystic bookshop or tantric therapist.

SEVEN STEPS TO SEX HEAVEN:

How to achieve an eternal erection.

1) **Relax.** You can't hump your way to heaven if you're too tense. Take deep breaths and ...

2) **Meditate.** It's the tantric version of "my dog is dead." Find a positive thought and say it to yourself, before, after or during sex. Over and over. And over. And over.

3)**Exercise.** No amount of push-ups will keep you up all night. You've got to exercise the muscle that matters, and chances are you didn't even know you had it. It's called the PC muscle, and it's the one you clench when you urinate. Practice flexing it every chance you get.

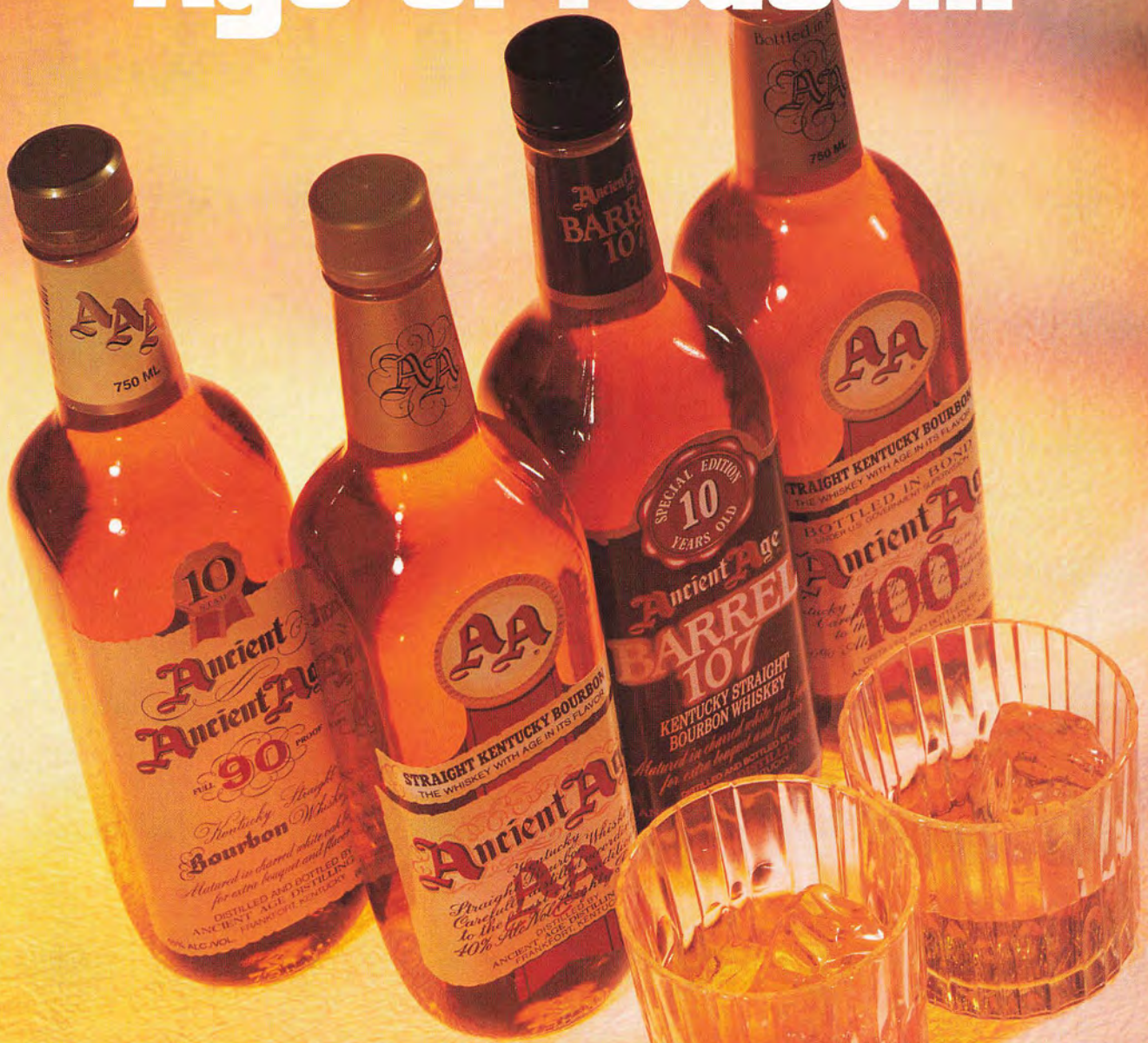
4) **Yoga.** Not only will the ancient eastern exercises tune up the body and the mind — but tantrics reckon it will give a spiritual lift to your sex life, too.

5) **Partners.** Find a partner who isn't put off by positions like Low Branched Tree and Soaring Butterfly. Tantra is not for the faint hearted, or the prudish.

6) **Pressure.** Apply pressure to the area between the scrotum and the anus (or get someone else to do it). This should help delay orgasm.

7) **Time.** In ancient times people spent lifetimes studying this stuff, so don't expect to become an expert on your own overnight. Find yourself a female who has the tantric arts perfected. Definitely.

Welcome to the Age of reason.



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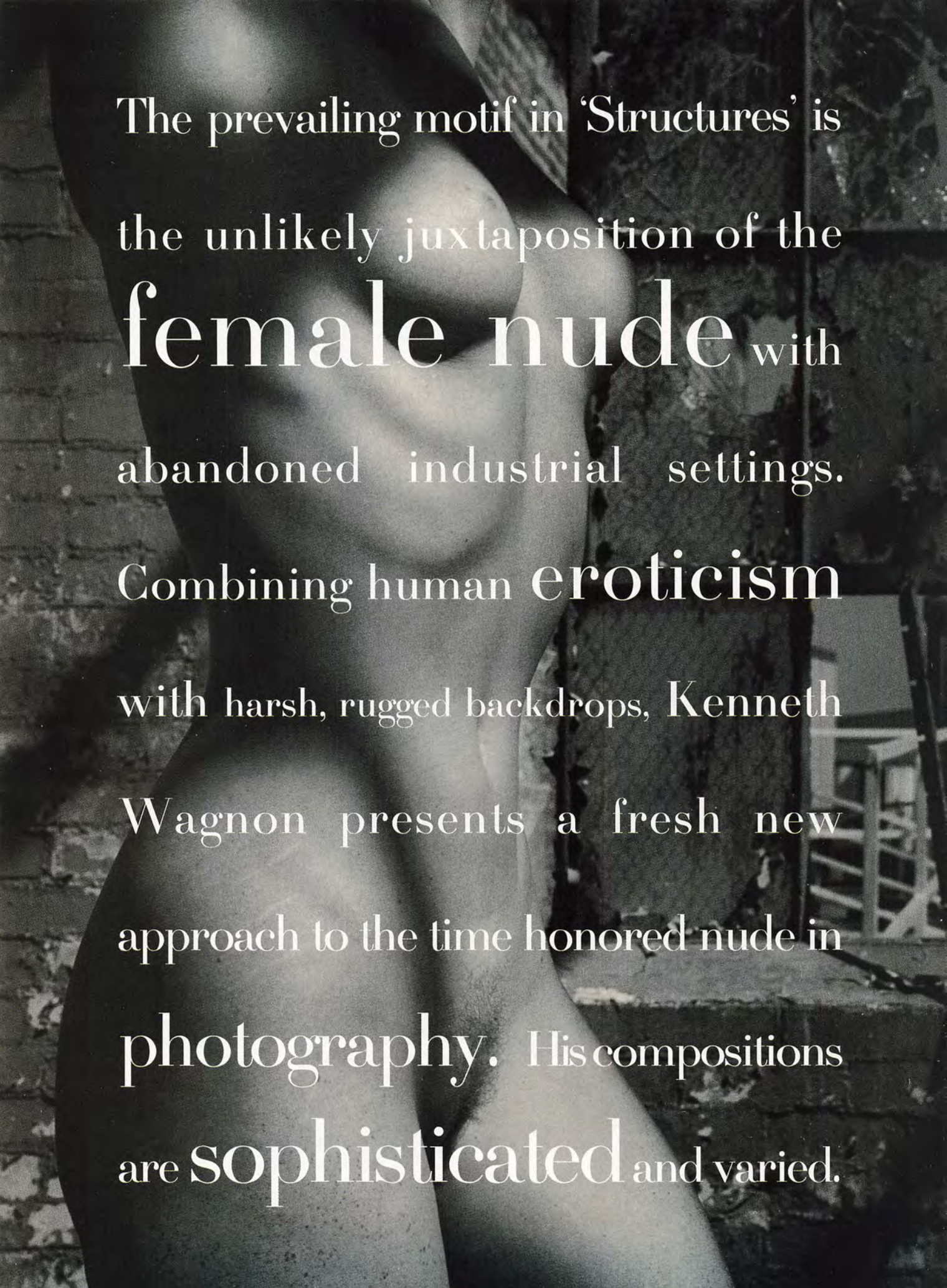
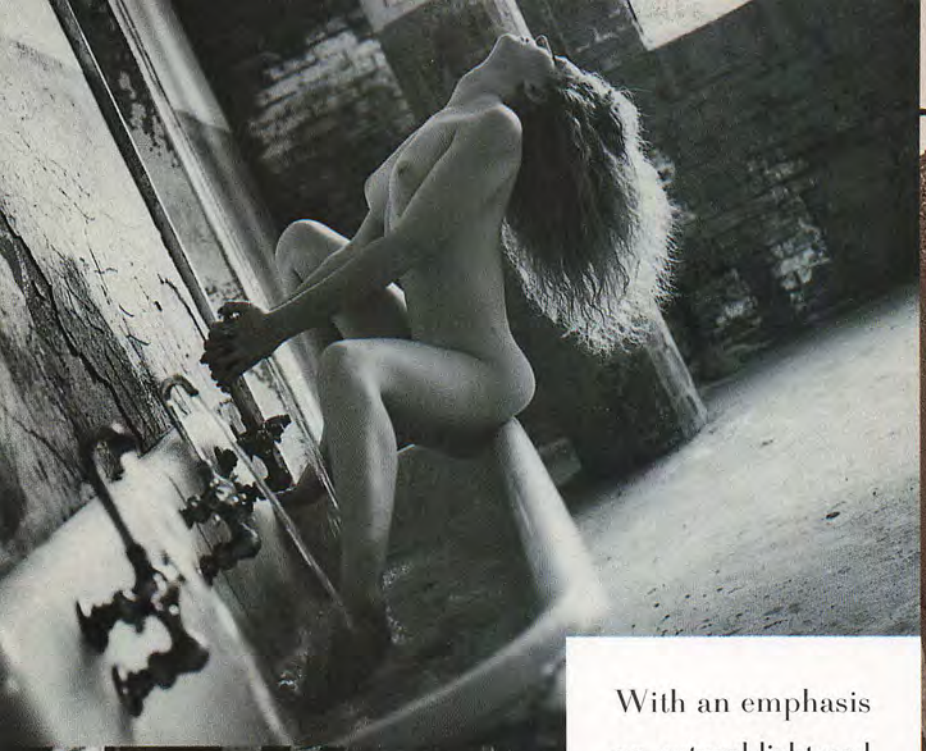
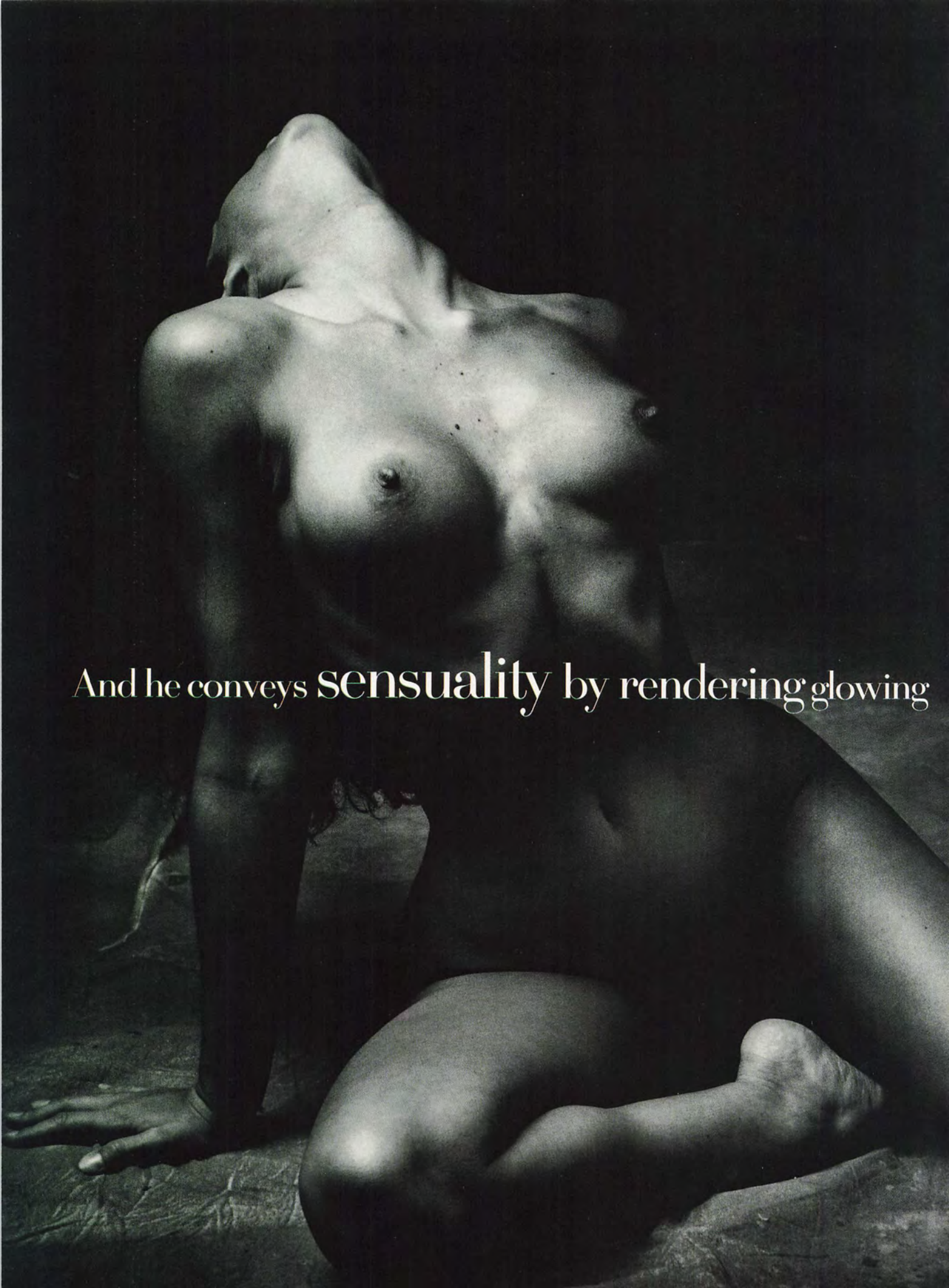
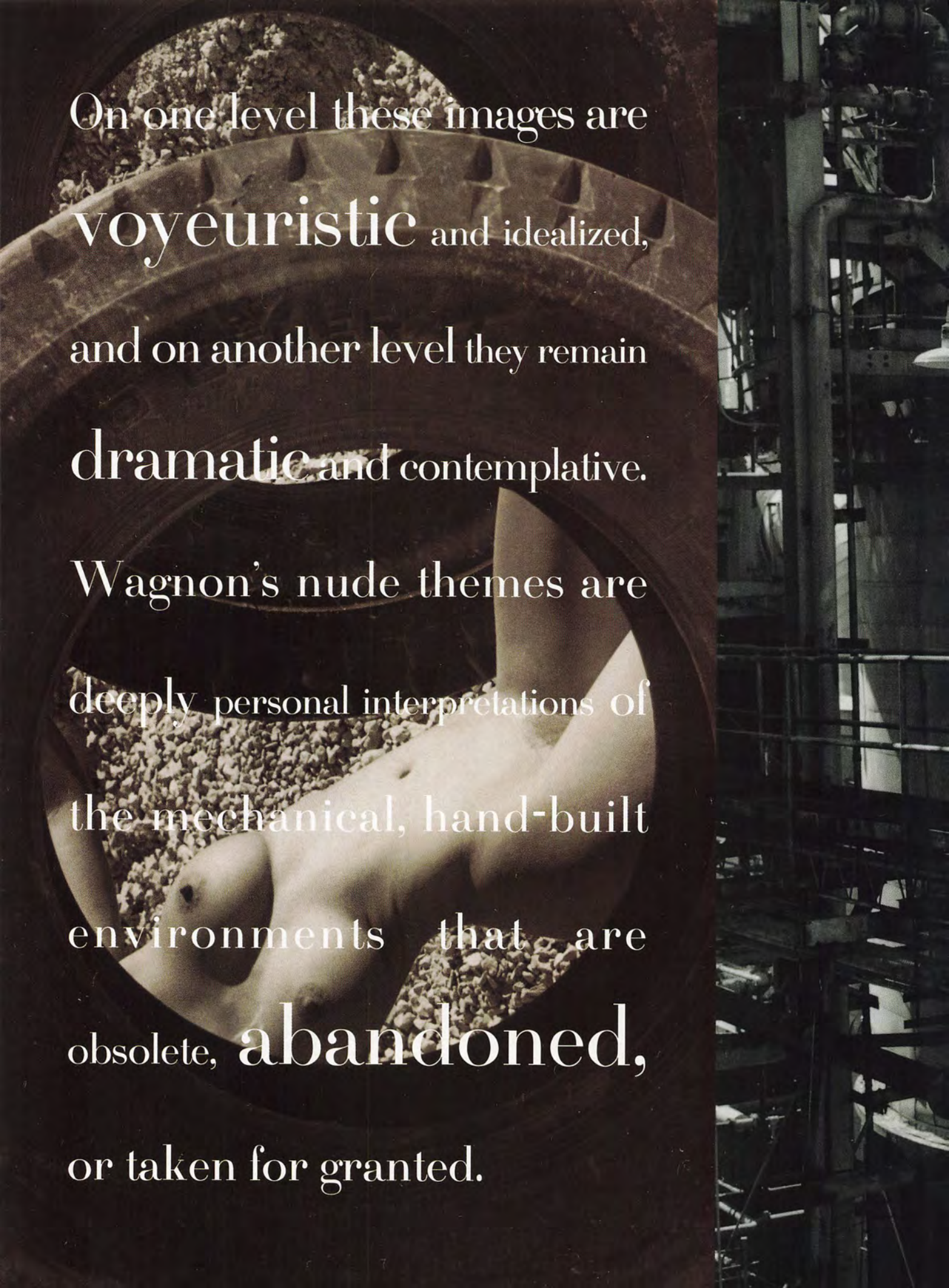

The prevailing motif in 'Structures' is
the unlikely juxtaposition of the
female nude with
abandoned industrial settings.
Combining human eroticism
with harsh, rugged backdrops, Kenneth
Wagnon presents a fresh new
approach to the time honored nude in
photography. His compositions
are sophisticated and varied.



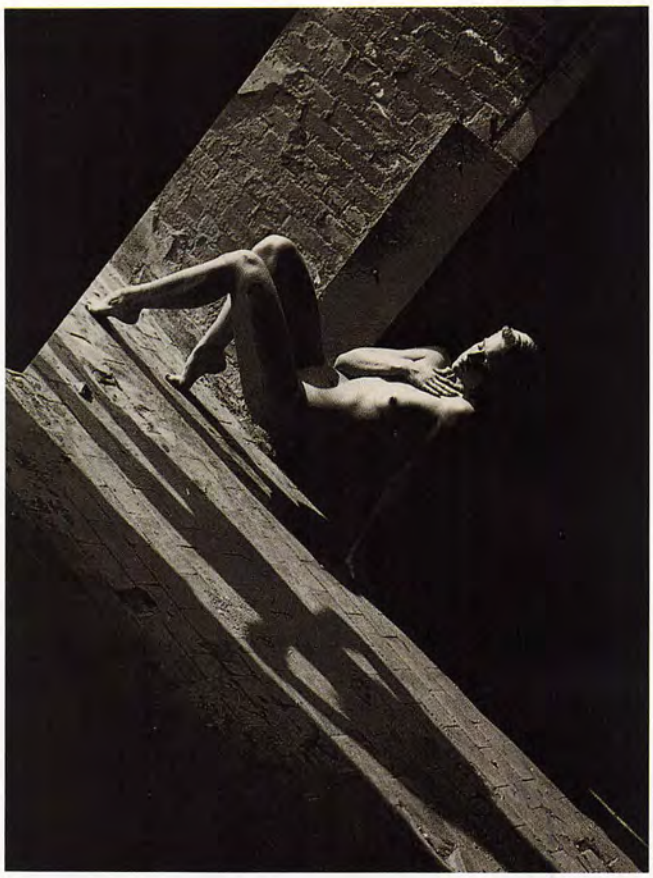
With an emphasis on natural light and shadow, Wagnon harmonizes his nudes and their environment with the precision and sensitivity of a painter. He commands emotionally charged moods with his bold, hard shadows and sharp-focus frontality.


And he conveys sensuality by rendering glowing

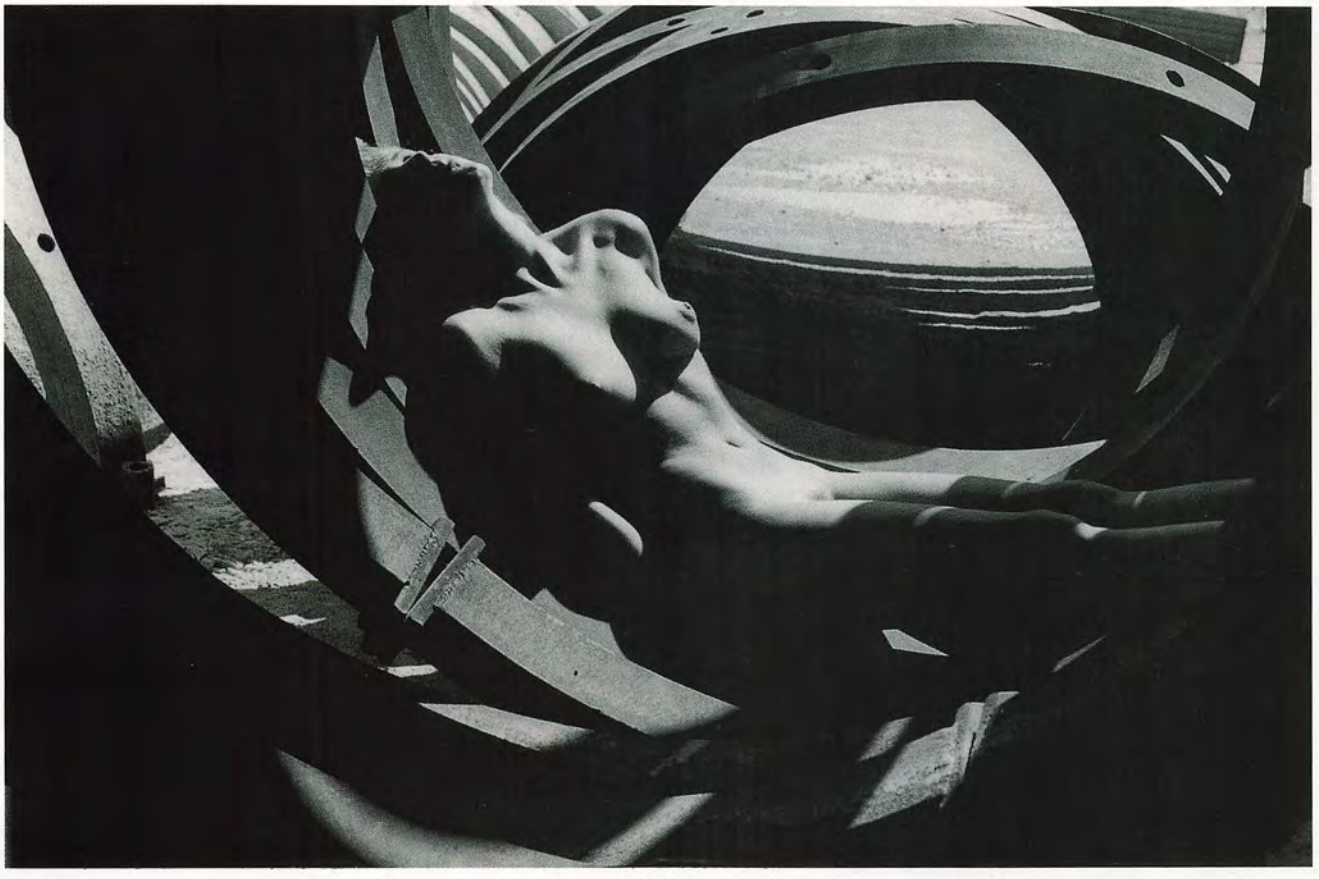
light and compressed space and texture.



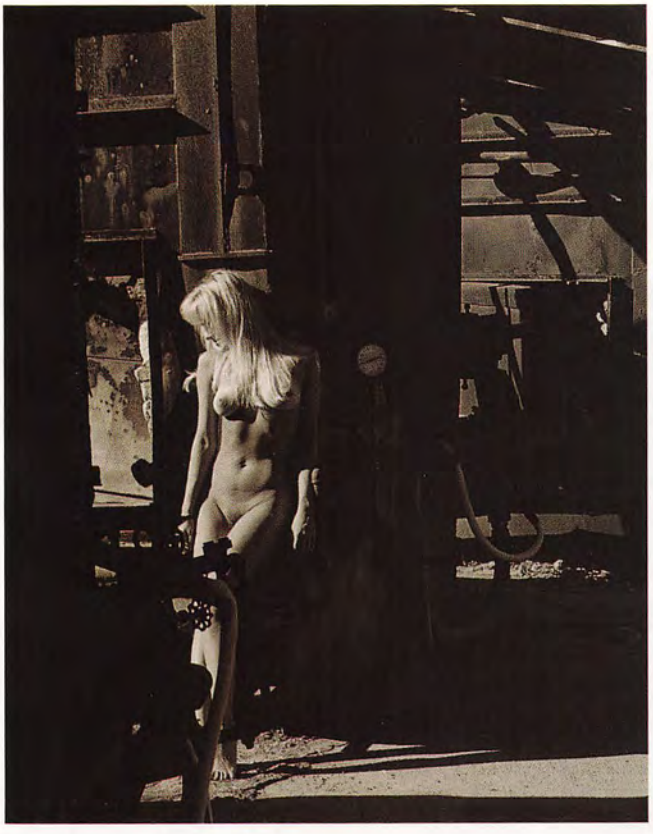
On one level these images are voyeuristic and idealized, and on another level they remain dramatic and contemplative. Wagnon's nude themes are deeply personal interpretations of the mechanical, hand-built environments that are obsolete, abandoned, or taken for granted.

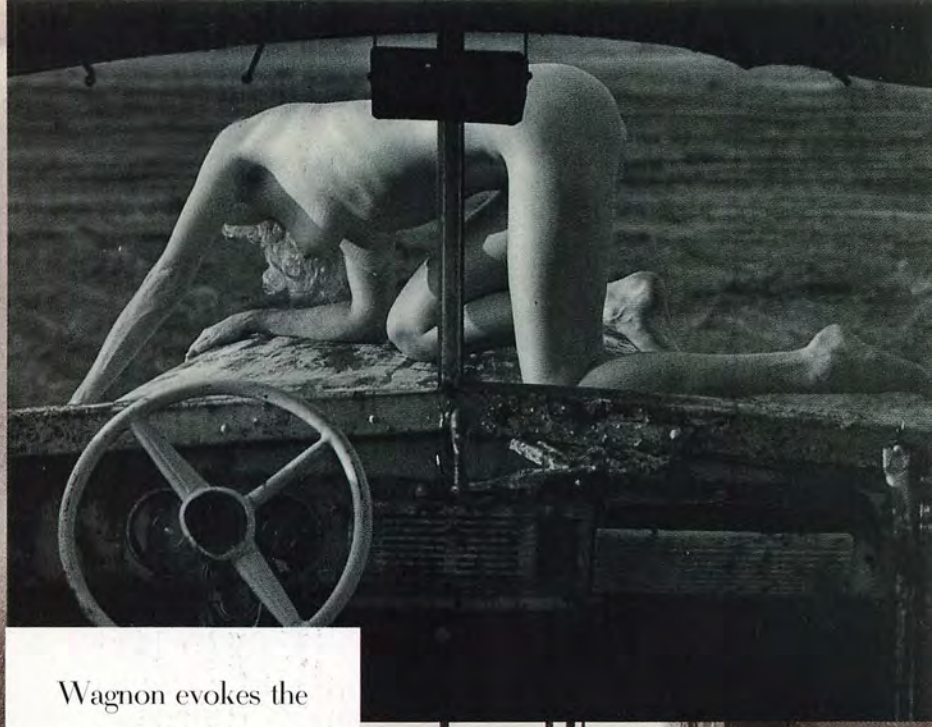


Whether it is the darkened factory, a

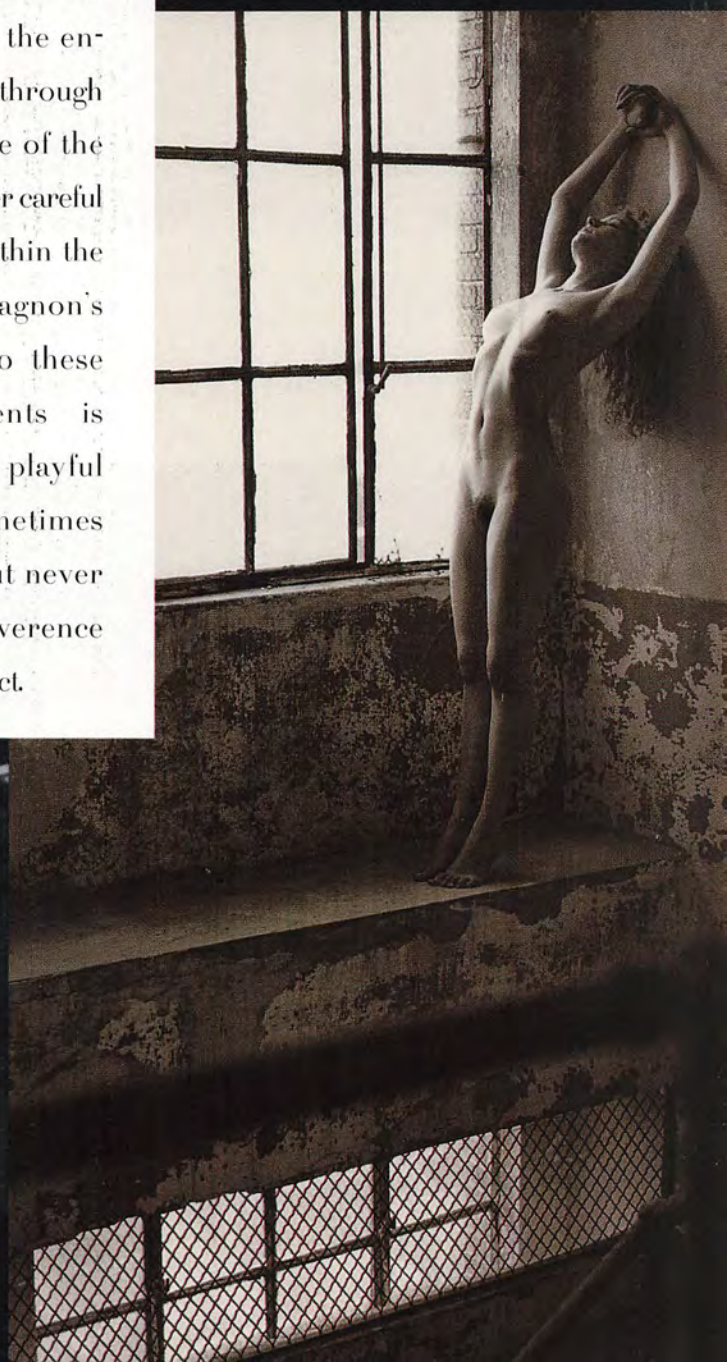


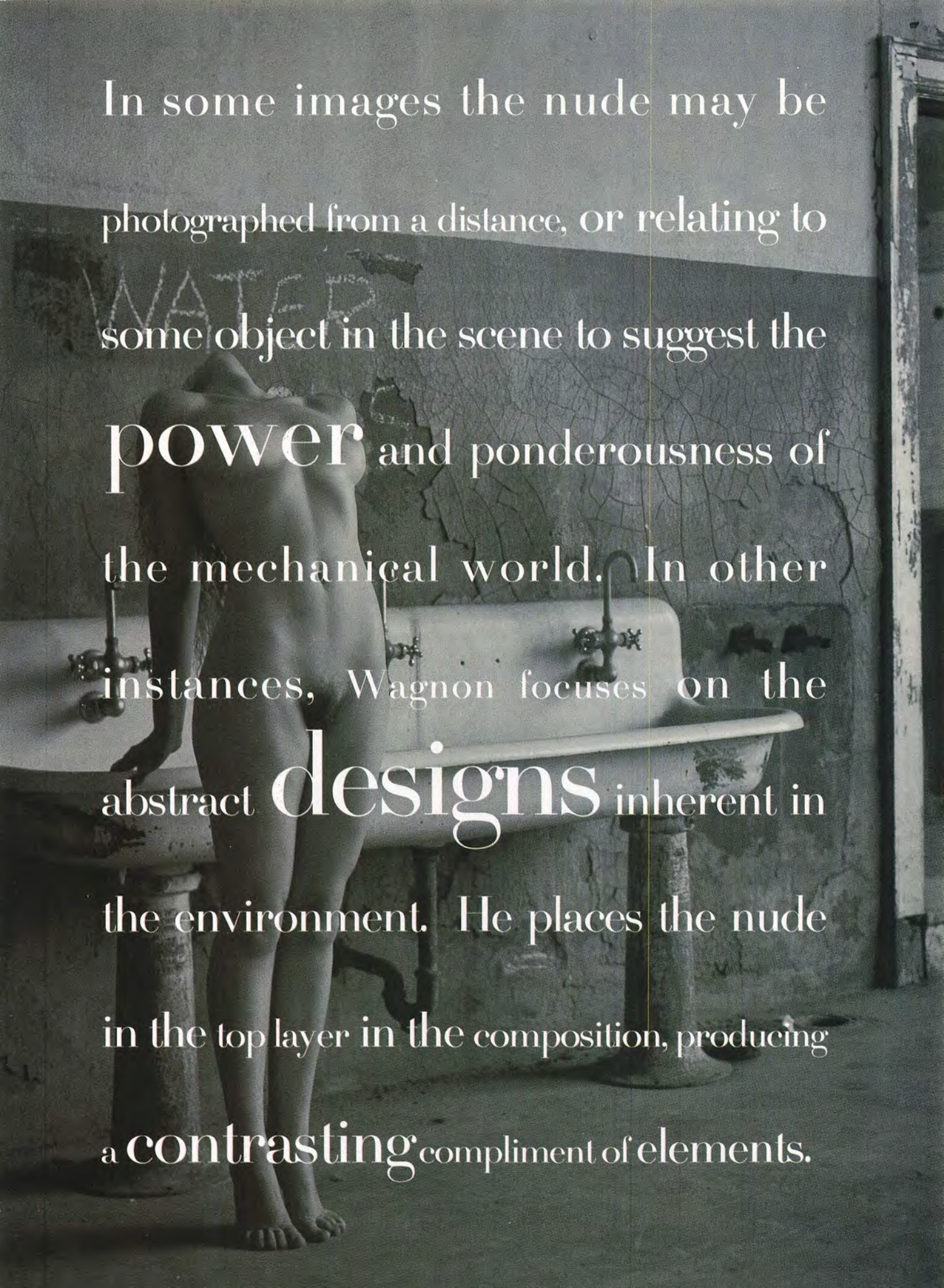
dilapidated shack, or the shell of a rusting vehicle,





Wagnon evokes the essence of the environment through the attitude of the nude and her careful framing within the scene. Wagnon's reaction to these environments is sometimes playful and sometimes forlorn, but never without reverence for his subject.




In some images the nude may be photographed from a distance, or relating to some object in the scene to suggest the power and ponderousness of the mechanical world. In other instances, Wagnon focuses on the abstract designs inherent in the environment. He places the nude in the top layer in the composition, producing a contrasting compliment of elements.

RUBY TUESDAY

Aside from a number of fabulous golfing resorts, much of Portugal's notoriety arises from the export of its number one beverage, namely Port. Made in the mountainous region of Portugal's Upper Douro, Port comes in tastes and shades for every occasion. Like sherry, this fortified wine has an illustrious history as regal as the kingly courts whom once toasted monarchs with this robust flavor.

Much the same as with cigars, the image of Port has somewhat changed over the last few decades. Good cigars are no longer just the talking point for tweedy old men sat in stuffy humidors, and the same goes for Port, these days rarely preferred by craggy old widows. In more fashionable bars, and even as a dessert or after dinner drink at home, Port's younger clientele is increasing by the barrel load.

Like Single Malt Whisky, a fine vintage Port may be said to require an expertise to detect its quality. But if we put aside this cliché, the skill to vintage Port is not the drinking, but instead the decanting process which makes the beverage ready for consumption. Decanting, which basically means 'straining' into a clean vessel, is the process needed to filter off all the sedimentary layer, or in some cases the harder crust that forms on top of Port while it is aging in the bottle. The two golden rules to decanting are, number one, a vintage Port must always be stored lying down then lifted upright twenty four hours prior to serving, and secondly, the slower we decant the greater the resultant quality of the wine achieved from each bottle.

More impressive to the seasoned diner than Champagne, a good Port is perfect to end a dinner party, or business brunch. And the simplest way to sound knowledgeable to your contemporaries is to understand the older the Port, the nearer the meal you have it decanted. A fifty or sixty year old Port once opened and allowed to come into contact with the air will lose its sweet bouquet much more rapidly than a ten year old one, which actually needs this contact to allow it to 'breathe.'

In 1963 the French became the largest importers of Port in the world. The French drink it solely as an aperitif, and in Portugal itself, dry white port, well chilled with a twist of lemon peel, is a most popular aperitif, and old tawny port is generally preferred as dessert wine than vintage ports. During warmer evenings port and soda makes a refreshing alternative to a 'spritzer,' and we recommend, when mixing, the use of a premium brand like Cockburn's Special Reserve. On more festive occasions such as Christmas or during New Year festivities, the ideal marriage with table port like Cockburn's is either a good piece of Stilton, or perhaps an indigenous choice of mature cheddar. My personal favorite is a thin slice of fruitcake.

Still, all the mystique and tradition aside, despite even the fact that people have drank this rich beverage as a tonic wine for many ailments, Port remains reliably well rounded, as if a trusted friend, to young and old alike. And as Captain Bligh might have concluded, "when troubled seas may lay ahead, it's time to pass the port again..." ●

As a flavor to savor, Port is a youthful drink with an international pedigree, perfect after dinner with either Stilton or a wafer-thin mint.

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LONDON SWINGS AGAIN

In the sixties there was Carnaby Street and the coffee bars of Soho, the seventies were ushered in with the faux glamour of Samantha's and Tokyo Joe's, and the eighties spawned much designer matte black with yuppie haunts like The Groucho Club and minimalist Fred's. But in the nineties London's catch of post-modern drinking dens serve a very different fare. From Soho to Gray's Inn, London is swinging again, only this time the anthems veer from retro Brit-Rock through to throbbing house. For style, eccentricity, and model-girl glamour it remains a world leader.

With these four stalwarts, every mood is catered for - everything from penthouse to pavement.

LEISURE LOUNGE

121 Holborn, London EC1

Bar, club, and luncheon establishment, the Leisure Lounge is on the edge of Clerkenwell opposite the old Daily Mirror headquarters. With live gigs, different club nights, and a cavernous bar, the Leisure Lounge offers something for everyone. Concept and promotion are supplied by Sean McLusky, the British version of New York's Peter Gatien. Inside, the simple concrete and factory theme is accented by colored spotlights and a permanent exhibition of double life-sized portrait photographs. You can drink and dance until 6 a.m. Friday nights McLusky hosts an eclectic evening called Fantasy Ashtray where you might hear any music from the Sex Pistols to Sly and the Family Stone. Saturday night is a sweaty mainstream dance night. This is one of the most fun venues in the city, popular with the likes of Primal Scream, and an assortment of Vivienne Westwood models.

A selection of flyers (below) from McLusky's eclectic mix of baroque and punk rock always to be found during a night at the Leisure Lounge. And in fine NYC style the club's interior is electrically colored but still spartan.

RIKI TIK'S

108 Greek Street, London W1

In the heart of Soho, the Riki Tik is very young and hip. Primary red and blue splashes of color glare against austere black, mixing the art styles of Miro and Mondrian. A result of the British house music boom, this small bar is owned by Boy's Own, whose clubs and record label gained an international notoriety in the early nineties. It is popular with music business and club kid clientele alike. With an arty ambiance, beer is reasonably priced, and it serves as a pre-club venue for those 'in the know.' Watch out for celebrity guests there like Calvin Klein model Kate Moss, and band members from the Buzzcocks or Manic Street Preachers.

THE ATLANTIC BAR AND GRILL

Glasshouse Street, London W1

Hidden under the slightly faded glory of Piccadilly's Regent's Palace Hotel, the Atlantic is the brainchild of club culture guru Oliver Peyton and the British Trust House Forte hotel chain. Inside the decor is palatial, reminiscent of a state room in some long forgotten ocean liner. With the forty foot vaulted ceiling, and nautical theme throughout, the gilded stairways and lush carpeting link together two major bar areas, and a fine restaurant. Nouvelle cuisine is supplied by an internationally rated chef, and the smaller bar (known as Dick's) boasts an extraordinary cocktail menu. The main bar is currently the most fashionable place in the city, and with a strict no music policy, this is the closest thing to cafe society that London has possessed in decades. Of course, style costs, and the drinks and food remain expensive. But if you manage to negotiate the large queues, be prepared to drink and dine shoulder to shoulder with the likes of Francis Ford Coppola, Brad Pitt, and the occasional Cabinet Minister.

THE COACH AND HORSES

Greek Street (at Cambridge Circus), London W1

For thirty or forty years 'The Coach' has been a landmark pub with regulars numbering everyone from George Orwell, Sir Richard Attenborough, to even members of Fleetwood Mac. With its rude landlord, Norman Baylon, comfy chairs, and dark wood paneling, the Coach and Horses has outstripped the vagaries of fashion for decades. On an evening the lively atmosphere is thick with conversations about theater, fashion and 'the one that got away.' The vocal drunks supply the entertainment. So whether for a quiet drink, a good pint of ale, or a riotous evening of British good cheer, 'The Coach' is a neighborhood bar for local or tourist. Cannes Film Festival star David Thewlis is a regular, as well as the Brand New Heavies, and authors like Martin Amis or Will Self. Highly recommended. ●

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all about eve

PLANES, TRAINS, AND AUTOMOBILES... SEDUCTION IN THE FAST LANE

There's a magic to some sex, and it travels. It's always the Who, but often the Where is what writes its own heading in the book of Award-Winning Sex. It's called Locomotive Lust, and you don't get it in front of the TV.

The thrill of privacy in public gets the blood pumping. If you've ever been jammed in a cramped and steamy airplane bathroom, you know it. If you've ever locked the carriage door and treated strangers to a flashing of flesh as the train hurtles through, you know it, too. If you've ever found the footrests on a limousine ceiling, no motorcade will ever be quite the same again. Fantasies happen on the road.

And on the waves. Boats can really bring it on, too. The swing and slap of the water, the ropes, the polished wood, the knots, the smell of the water... The highs and lows that catch your stomach like a fun-fair ride... Not to mention all the fastenings to hang onto. And beneath the waves, the divers. (Women like men who dive.)

Awesome sex isn't limited to moving vehicles. Elevators can fit the bill very nicely, on the basis that less can most definitely be more, and provided you've got your privacy, and an adventurously interested co-respondent. If the chemistry's there, possibilities float like zeppelins in the air, bigger and bigger by the second. And more irresistible. Strange law, but true. Just remember to be a good boy scout, and ride prepared.

But when being a good boy scout's the last thing on your mind, and you're in need of embracing your animal natures, you can't beat al fresco with a stick. Well, you can do whatever the hell you like so long as you both agree. The only things that should authentically suffer are your clothes, and giving them up to the grass stains shows a winning gusto your partner will reward.

Outdoor adventure reminds you of your body. Your sense of smell zooms you like a bee with every move you make, your sense of taste is heightened; about the only thing that isn't is your hearing, making it very possible you'll miss the herd of cows/locals/beach attendants, etc. gathering to witness your theater in the buff.

In the carnal adventure stakes, the great outdoors is matched only by trespass into forbidden interior frolic zones. Giving the tour guide the slip, hopping over the velvet ropes to check into the royal stateroom, locking the door for an illicit bounce on historic humping grounds - you know you shouldn't but you know you must. The forbidden is fun.

And what's the mysterious spark that flies in galleries and museums? Why do those vast, air-conditioned expanses bring on a violent flush of lust? The static of things just makes you feel alive. That, maybe, and the element of naughtiness, as evidenced by the security guards standing around to prevent you from what? From grabbing your companion and ducking into the "Not for Exhibition" section, to create your own.

Note that in Romeo and Juliet, the balcony scene was specifically that, not the kitchen or the living room scene. Looking down gives a thrill, and the balcony is made for seduction. It's a showcase, a tease, an attitude, an exhibition. Altitude is thumbs up.

For atmosphere, for drama, for the spark that ignites The Thing between you, any realtor'll tell you: location, location, location. On the move or parked at the drive-in, from the moment of passion, you know you're on the road of sexual adventure. The mischievous lover (who wants another kind?) knows there's no looking back. ●

If you have any questions for Bette Noir, please address them to All About Eve c/o Platinum Perspective 6433 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Suite 154, Canoga Park, CA 91303.

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ISN'T THAT SPECIAL

The Church Lady may have retired along with Bush, and Prince Charles may be more reticent about his wish to be reincarnated as a feminine hygiene product these days, but for Dana Carvey there's definitely life and laughs after 'Saturday Night Live,' the show that established him as one of the country's top comedy stars.

And now, thanks to his huge success in the *Wayne's World* franchise, and with three new films later this year, he's also carving himself a reputation as a bona fide serious actor.

So it's a shock to learn that the 38-year old star still suffers from stage fright every time he gets on stage or in front of a camera. In fact, Dana says he's much happier staying at home with Paula, his wife of 11 years, and their two young kids, than braving a movie set or a Hollywood party.

Did you have a happy childhood?

I wouldn't call it completely happy. I've never met a comedian with a great childhood, and the cliché about finding comedy out of pain is totally true to me. I was one of five kids, and my father, who was a teacher, was very strict with all of us, so it was very stressful, and that makes you funny. The more relaxed and happy I am the less funny I am, so I'd start inventing and creating out of pain.

What's the weirdest character you've ever played?

When I did Prince Charles dressed as a tampon on my very last 'Saturday Night Live.' It wasn't easy, big fake ears, lines like, "I'd like to live inside your trousers!" Mick Jagger was on, and Jerry Hall was there, too.

Is it true she had some advice for you on playing a tampon?

Yeah, she came over to me and told me my costume was great except I was missing a string coming out the top of my head. That's got to be one of the most surreal moments in my whole career.

What was the huge appeal of Wayne and Garth?

Simple. Ten-year-old boys thought we were cool and went to see the movie ten times each. We have fun and we're losers. It's a winning combination (laughs).

Do you have any vices?

Beer! I really like a couple of beers.

Are you a workaholic?

It would appear that way. My friends and family tell me that. I keep saying I'm going to take a break, and they all go, "Yeah, right, we'll believe it when we see it."

What are you proudest of?

That's easy. That I overcame my stage fright and went into show business.

You suffered from stage fright?

Yeah, it's a terrible fear. In fact, it's fear all the time. On *SNL*, I was always terrified, especially at the beginning. When I walked on the set with Anthony Hopkins I was terrified.

I've heard you might be doing a TV talk show in the future.

I've always liked the idea of doing one because it's probably the last place where you can sit down with a guest and start improvising. So I'd love to do one. It all depends on what happens with my movie career and all the other projects.

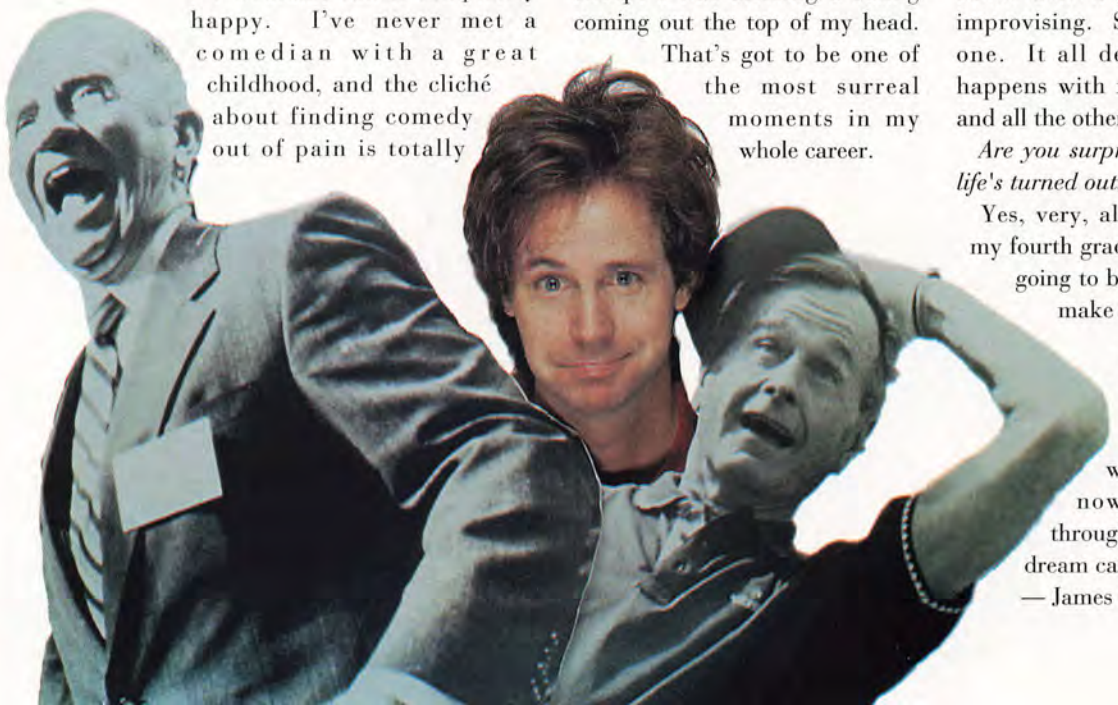
Are you surprised at how your life's turned out?

Yes, very, although I did tell my fourth grade class that I was going to be a comedian and make $100,000 a year.

So you fulfilled your promise.

Yeah, so whatever happens now is cool. I got through the fear and my dream came true. ●

— James Count



Although not always agreeing, Dana Carvey and Mike Myers remain good friends (center). Dana with his *SNL* presidential alter egoes (below).

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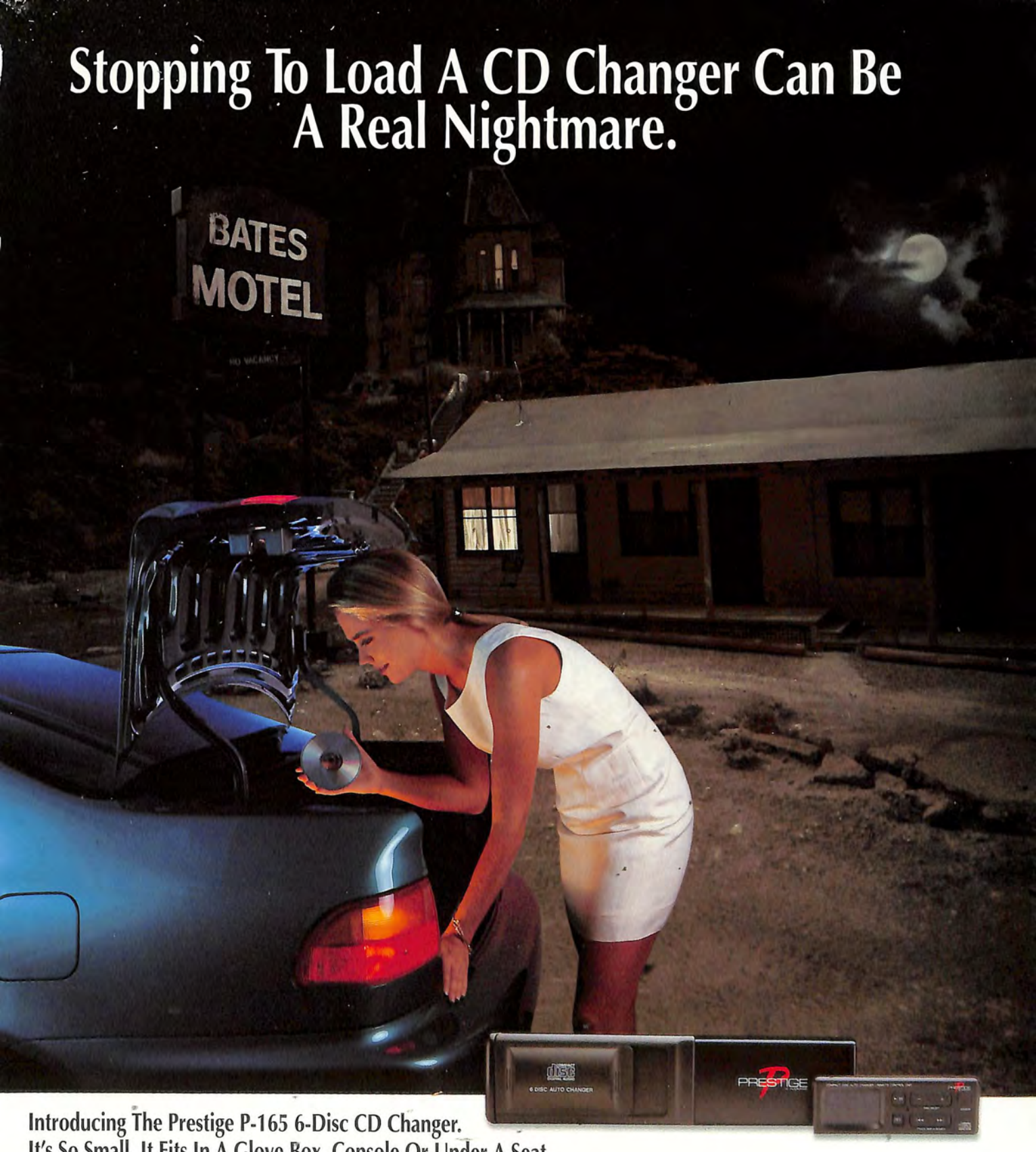

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